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YOUTH'S DEBT.

When in the pretty wood
The larches spurtle red for the year's
turning,
Then in men's moving blood,
Sweet April does set frolic fires a-burn-
ing.

But now, since the trees stand
Naked and deep asleep, yet nathless
yearning
For the spring's kindling hand,
Let youth go forth, and set the woods
a-burning.

Such quick fire is in youth
(And this youth knows, having no
other learning),
That where it moves, in truth,
Its touch shall set the dead earth's
soul a-burning.

'Tis good all debts to pay;
So let youth thank the sweet year for
his turning,
And newly every day
Go forth, go forth, to set the woods
a-burning.

Rose Macaulay.

The Spectator.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

Hail, truant with song-troubled
breast,—
Thou welcome and bewildering guest!
Blithe troubadour, whose laughing note
Brings spring into a poet's throat,—
Flute, feathered joy! thy painted bill
Foretells the daffodil.

Enchanter, 'gainst the evening star
Singing to worlds where dreamers are,
That makes upon the leafless bough
A solitary vernal vow,—
Sing, lyric soul! within thy song
The love that lures the rose along!

The snowdrop, hearing, in the dell
Doth tremble for its virgin bell;
The crocus feels within its frame
The magic of its folded flame;
And many a listening rapture lies
And pushes toward its paradise.

Young love again on golden gales
Scents hawthorn blown down happy
dales;

The phantom cuckoo calls forlorn
From limits of the haunted morn;—
Sing, elfin-heart! thy notes to me
Are bells that ring in Faery!

Sing on, thou dusky fount of light!
God love thee for a merry sprite!
Sing on! for, though the sun be coy,
I sense with thee a budding joy,
And all my heart with ranging rhyme
Is poet for the prime!

James A. Mackereth.

The Saturday Review.

FEALTY.

When my Lady hath Pleasure and
friends to spare,
And riot of roses strewed in her
path of days,
And Laughter ringing carillons into
the air,
She needs not me: I travel the lonely
ways.

When my Lady hath Youth uplifting
a song
Like the twitter of birds in a spring-
time hawthorn bough,
And round her the notes of a merry-
mad music throng,
She needs not me: my music is sad
and low.

But when my Lady hath Sorrow to
stress her heart,
And Pain brings up to her eyes the
ghosts of Fear,
And music of Youth and laughter and
joy depart,
Then she will need me: and lo! am I
not here?

Here I stand at the gateway and vigil
keep,
Waiting the summoning sob or the
calling sigh;
Ready to stay her tears, should my
Lady weep;
Happy if Sorrow for ever may pass
her by.

Bernard Moore.

The Academy.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

In writing of the general position and prospects of woman suffrage, it is well to begin with a necessarily cursory survey of the fortunes and misfortunes of woman suffrage measures in the House of Commons. A water-color painter of landscape of the old school used to give as his description of the process of making his pictures: "First, I sits myself down; then I works myself up, then I puts in my lights, then I puts in my darks"; and much the same process is necessary in this case. A good deal of working oneself up has to be done before one can sufficiently overcome the disappointment of the recent reverse, to face the future at all steadily; and in order that the general position may be comprehended, one has to draw in the lights of a few years ago, and then the darks of last year's disappointments. For though the suffrage movement here, as in other countries, each year absorbs more of the intelligent energy of men and women, yet it is idle to deny that in the House of Commons an evil fate has pursued it.

The question has been debated in the House of Commons twenty-three times since 1869, and until last year there had been a continuous majority in favor of enfranchisement since 1886. Second Readings of Bills have been carried seven times—in 1870, 1886, 1897, and in 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911—and since 1908 the movement may be said to have had a continuous Parliamentary history, and to have entered by common consent the sphere of practical politics. For it was in that year, after a majority of 179 had been recorded for a private member's Bill, that the Prime Minister promised that there should be an opportunity of introducing into the coming Government Electoral Reform Bill an amendment

enfranchising women if it were drafted on democratic lines. The dispute with the Lords over the Budget prevented that promise being fulfilled in that Parliament, but on the eve of the election of January, 1910, the Prime Minister's declaration was renewed, and the General Election resulted in the return of 250 members who had favorably referred to women's suffrage in their election addresses, and of over 400 who had, in one way or another, pronounced themselves in favor of it. But the dispute with the Lords again postponed the victory which these numbers seemed to make so certain, and all that was done in the 1910 Parliament was to secure for a private member's Bill a majority of 110, though it was drafted on narrow lines and in an unamendable form. In the autumn of the year, however, no less than 4,000 meetings were held in favor of the movement, and before the election of December, 1910, the Prime Minister gave definite pledges of facilities for effectively proceeding with a Bill, if drafted so as to be freely amendable, should his party be returned to power. Upon this the *Times* commented that the new Parliament "will be considered to have received a mandate on the subject of women's suffrage," and the Anti-Suffrage League declared woman suffrage to be a "primary issue" of the election. In spite of this the election made no appreciable change in the balance of opinion in the House of Commons, as was shown when, in May, 1911, another private member's Bill secured a Second Reading majority of 167. This was the first decision upon the subject in this Parliament, and it is worth noticing that it cannot be treated as a mere academic decision in favor of the principle, for of the two possible means of procedure, that by

amendment to a Government Bill had been plainly before the country at two General Elections, and that by a private member's Bill, with facilities, at one. The House of Commons therefore clearly showed itself willing and anxious to legislate, but in the session of 1911 the pressure of Government business was such that no time could be found. Full facilities were promised for 1912, but before that session began the wind of prosperity which had seemed so favorable suddenly changed. This change followed on the Prime Minister's announcement in November, 1911, as to the form of the promised Electoral Reform Bill. It was to be a Manhood Suffrage Bill, and it was to be freely amendable, and if amended by the inclusion of women, such inclusion was to be treated as the considered judgment of Parliament, for which the Government were to become responsible in all its remaining stages. This was held by most woman suffragists to have "very greatly strengthened the chances of success"—to use the words of Mrs. Fawcett, the President of the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies. But one society thought differently. They looked only at the original form of the Bill, not at the conditions attached to it, and a series of outrages began, which have been continued with little intermission ever since, taking whatever form was at the time most likely to damage the movement. Had it not been for militancy—militancy, it must be confessed, operating in an atmosphere in which many members were glad of an excuse to go back on their promises—the Conciliation Bill must have been carried last March, at least, in the Second Reading stage. It would have withstood the effect of the changed Nationalist vote which was thrown against the Bill in order to save a fortnight for Home Rule, and the lukewarmness of some supporters who preferred the

chance of amending the Government Bill. But debated almost in an atmosphere full of broken glass, the second reading was lost by fourteen. This disposed of one of the promised lines of action—that by a private member's Bill. How the alternative possibility, the amendment of a Government Bill, was disposed of last January is such recent history that it hardly needs recapitulation. As to the outward and visible cause of defeat—namely, the Speaker's ruling—it is enough to say that it is impossible to find anyone who was not completely taken by surprise. But it must be owned that, even apart from this ruling, in the writer's opinion victory was not very probable, and it may be worth while to consider the causes of this in order to learn lessons for the future. As to the acts, detailed estimates of the probable voting could be given, but it is enough to say here that fairly hopeful estimates, which were based on real knowledge of individual intention, gave a majority of about thirty in favor of the "Grey" amendment—which aimed only at opening the door by the removal of the word "male" so that substantive amendments could be inserted later. This would have left an insufficient margin to allow for the inevitable wastage on the "Dickinson" and "municipal" amendments, the only two which had a chance of acceptance. As to the Dickinson amendment, it was known that there were forty or more Conservative suffragists whom their leaders, with the best will in the world, would not have been able to bring to vote for that amendment; and as to the municipal amendment, it is probable that at least this number of suffragist members of the progressive parties would have refused to come down so far. Such hope as there was of carrying either amendment lay in the abstention of Conservative anti-suffragists in order that the Government

might be embarrassed by the amendments being carried; and to give these members credit for their convictions these abstentions would, in all likelihood, not have been many, and they would probably have been balanced, or more than balanced, by the abstention of Liberal suffragists in order to avoid what the Conservatives hoped for. What were the causes of the difficulty of securing a final and effective victory? It is, perhaps, difficult for anyone who has been in the middle of the fray to obtain as yet a good enough perspective for a considered opinion, but also unless one has been in the fray it is impossible to estimate the causes with any approach to accuracy. Great causes there must have been when it is remembered that the same body of members who, it seemed likely, would have failed to amend the Government Bill, had passed a private member's Bill by a majority of 167. First and foremost, the writer must place militancy, just as in the earlier defeat in March, 1912. It was not so much, as then, a direct effect, producing immediate violent unreasoning resentment, but an indirect effect reflected from the constituencies. Militancy produced an unfavorable atmosphere, and in non-party matters atmosphere counts for a great deal. In 1910 and 1911 the atmosphere had been favorable to the women's cause, with the consequence that the anti-suffrage vote in each year was comparatively small; a great many anti-suffrage members happening to have engagements elsewhere on the days when the divisions took place. But since the revival of militancy this has been changed. The convinced suffragists remained faithful to the cause on the whole, but they found their opponents glorying in the chance of giving an adverse vote, and determined to be present in full numbers in order to give it. But militancy deterred the doubtful friend as well as

confirming the doubtful opponent. The argument was heard over and over again, that a member was not justified in voting for a great change unless a considerable proportion, at any rate, of his constituents were in favor of it, and that though constituencies were friendly or neutral to the question on its merits, yet militancy had made them hostile—the women as well as the men—and until that feeling had passed by no favorable vote could conscientiously be given. It was even added that the Women's Liberal Associations, which should have been the warmest advocates of the change, did not speak with as strong or united a voice as in past years. The second, but a distinctly lesser cause, arose from the fact that the task of inserting non-party amendments in a Party Bill on which the Cabinet were sharply divided proved to be a good deal more difficult than had been anticipated. The Prime Minister had, no doubt, said that it was "perfectly consistent with the self-respect and the best traditions of our public life" that he, as the head of the Government, should make himself responsible for carrying out the freely expressed will of the House; but he had also said that the carrying of woman suffrage would be, in his opinion, a political mistake of a disastrous character. In the unfavorable atmosphere the last statement outweighed the first, and it was generally felt that it would be unfair to a great leader to saddle him with responsibility for a cause upon which he held such strong opinions. Three further minor reasons contributing to defeat may be mentioned. The Nationalists do not want a large unknown electorate to vote in the first elections for the Home Rule Parliament, and although many Liberals would have been willing to meet this point by inserting in the Bill a provision that it should not apply to this critical election in Ireland, Con-

servatives would not join them in this policy. Secondly, many members on the Liberal side feel that the main work of this Parliament must be to clear up the measures that the House of Lords has for so long prevented us from passing, and that until this is done large new principles should not be established by legislation. Thirdly, there were rumors that if any amendment enfranchising women was included in the Bill there would be resignations in the Cabinet. These rumors were finally officially stated to be without any foundation, but they did harm during their currency.

We may now consider which of the causes of the double reverse of last session will remain and which will be removed, when the chance offered in the new session comes to be used; and what new dangers there are which have to be guarded against. It should be premised that almost by the common consent of those who can judge the Parliamentary position, the chance now given fulfils the Prime Minister's pledge in the best manner which is now possible. It could not be expected that the anti-suffrage Cabinet Ministers would consent to any new position being taken up which was more unfavorable to them than the old, and therefore any idea that a Government Bill could be promised which should contain woman suffrage from the start was clearly out of the question. Neither did the supporters of woman suffrage want to try once again to amend a Government Bill, for that way had been found to be too thorny. But the pledge had been that when the Government Bill came on women were to have a fair chance, and this pledge will still be fulfilled, not by amendment, but by giving a full and fair chance to a separate Bill at about the same time in the session that any Government proposals affecting franchise may be brought forward. The prom-

ise also as to the time to be given in this and the following sessions is as generous as it is possible to make it, and a considerable advance upon any previous promise of facilities.

As to the chances, then, of making good use of our opportunity, it is already clear that militancy will be the same terrible handicap as it has been in the past. The only shadow of excuse for it, though nothing can excuse action so suicidal to its own cause, lies in the fact that by some malign fate the militants were found to be right in saying that something would turn up at the last moment to spoil the chance of amending the Government Bill.

But the other prophecy of the militants, that the Government intended all along to proceed with the Bill to abolish plural voting, has been manifestly falsified. And it would be a complete *non sequitur*, though it would no doubt sound plausible to argue that because one of the militants' prophecies was fulfilled, therefore their policy must be right. Moreover, any charitable disposition which might have been shown on this account will be swept away by the vexatious irritation caused by the new and childish variants of militant policy. Men can only be forced to do a thing by superior force—which in the case of women is impossible, but under no conceivable circumstances can they be irritated into submission to the irritator's demands.

To this extent, then, the position will be the same, but the second main difficulty of the recent situation will vanish. A private member's Bill cannot conceivably embarrass the Government, or its leader, and therefore there can be no justification for abstentions among the supporters of the Ministry on these grounds. Consequently, there should be a better vote of the Nationalist and Liberal Parties for the Second Reading of the new Bill than there

would have been for the Grey amendment.

But procedure by private member's Bill has, of course, peculiar difficulties of its own. Unfortunately, all those who are in favor of some sort of woman suffrage are not willing to accept any sort of woman suffrage. Let it be assumed that a Bill will be drafted in a form which would secure the maximum of support on Second Reading, and that, if it be at all considerably varied from this form on Committee or on report, it will no longer command a Third Reading majority. Let it be assumed, also, that the Second and Third Reading majority for a Bill so drafted is not very large; say, for example, sixty. Then, clearly, if only thirty suffragists vote for any amendment which would make the Bill generally unacceptable on Third Reading, this amendment can be carried by the anti-suffrage vote; and on Third Reading, when the anti-suffrage vote will be thrown the other way, the Bill would be lost. The only way in which this obvious risk can be met is either that all suffragists should enter into a self-denying ordinance agreeing to vote against every amendment which is not generally accepted as improving the chances of the Bill, or that they should agree to reverse on the Report stage any amendment which has been carried in Committee only by the aid of anti-suffrage votes. Either of these policies entails an amount of mutual forbearance and determination to sink individual views for the sake of a common object which it will be most difficult to secure from the representatives of parties who are normally sharply opposed to one another.

The second possible difficulty which has been suggested is that of obtaining support from the Conservative side for any Bill which is to be passed under the Parliament Act. As to this it

should be remembered that the Parliament Act is only a method of passing Bills which have been rejected by the House of Lords; and there is no certainty that a Woman Suffrage Bill would be so rejected. The House of Lords would be able to amend the Bill into the form which would best help their party at the next General Election, and in the past they have never scrupled to sacrifice their own personal preferences if there were any party advantage to be gained. It is not at all impossible that a body of men who passed the Trades Disputes Act would also enfranchise women. The question, therefore, of using the Parliament Act only arises indirectly, and not unless and until the Bill has been rejected by the Upper House. Conservative suffragists would seem, therefore, bound to help suffragists of other parties in the first, and even in the second, passing of the Bill. And even a first passing of a Bill through all its stages would be a great step forward for the suffrage cause, though it were rejected by the House of Lords and though, in consequence, Conservatives refused it support in a final or semi-final stage. A majority of the House has never yet been obtained for any particular form of woman suffrage, and to obtain such a majority once or twice would be a notable success. Such a success would impress the country with the earnestness and the power of cohesion of the backers of the measure, and would destroy for ever the argument which still lingers that the country is not aware that woman suffrage is a practical proposition.

But a way would seem to be open to Conservative suffragists of meeting their own point. They might move to insert in the Bill an amendment to the effect that, should the House of Lords reject the Bill, it should not come into effect, even if it had received the Royal

Assent, unless it had obtained an affirming vote in the House of Commons in the first session of a new Parliament. Of course, if there be a General Election before the third sending up of the Bill, the final stage or stages of sending up would occur in a new Parliament, and the amendment would not become operative. Considering that the House of Lords has always declared itself willing to bow to the decrees of the Commons, if expressed in two successive Parliaments, the Conservatives could hardly object to co-operating in the final stages in this case, as no question of overriding the House of Lords would be entailed. What they presumably desire to avoid is a final forcing of a Bill on the Lords in this Parliament if it continues long enough for that purpose, and this point would be met by the suggested amendment. Their votes in this Parliament would then merely be votes to keep the Bill alive until the members returned by the next Parliament had had an opportunity of pronouncing upon it. The great body of women suffragists in the country seem to think very little of the chances of any Bill in this Parliament, and therefore they are unlikely to object to the slight postponement of victory which this suggestion might involve.

The question of the form which the new Bill should take has not been dealt with. It is, indeed, too full of difficulty. But it is to be hoped that wise heads from all parties and interests in and out of the House of Commons will thrash it out together in the next few weeks, and that their deliberations may have a happy result. It might almost be wise to offer a prize for any proposal which would enfranchise from three to five million women, which would be democratic, and not too arbitrary, and which would fit into our present system of franchise for men. Something of this kind is undoubtedly

needed, for the Dickinson proposal to enfranchise about six million women is less of a middle point, upon which all could be expected to compromise, if the male electorate is to remain as it is than when that electorate was to be increased to ten millions; while on the other hand, there is in the minds of a great number of Liberal and Labor Members a genuine disbelief in the present woman Municipal voter as a useful factor in the life of the State.

Though the foregoing account may seem to some readers somewhat gloomy, yet it would be wrong to suppose that suffragists have any cause for depression. Every year the arguments of anti-suffragists grow weaker, the injustice of excluding women from the rights and duties of full citizenship becomes more glaring.

What are now the main lines of opposition to this democratic uprising force? The main line, of course, is one of sheer sentiment, but so far as anti-suffragists really argue at all their arguments fall into two main groups.

There is the argument that women (a) by nature, (b) by education, are not fitted to vote. With regard to the first, the answer is that if women are fitted to pay taxes and to exert something more than a mere childish obedience to law; if they are fitted (as they have shown themselves to be) to exercise a wise influence in administering and suggesting legislation, then they must be fitted to vote for representatives in Parliament. In fact, for those who maintain that the will of the people should prevail the question has to be faced: "Are women people, or are they things?" Those who maintain that the right to vote ought to be based on persons not property, must decide the question: "Which are women?"

As to the second argument, that women are less well-educated than men, it is certain that they are much

better educated than the new male voters of 1832, 1867, or even 1885. Moreover, women have developed in an extraordinary way in response to the new ideals of female education which have replaced those of our great grandfathers and mothers. It must be remembered that only a hundred years ago the aim of female education was to create a timid, delicate, insipid, almost cowering creature. This point may be illustrated from the quotations given below, which are from works on female education of 1788 and 1840.¹ Now we ask comradeship of our women, and the woman suffrage movement is but one form of the response to that demand. Moreover, there is nothing like responsibility for educating people up to witness for responsibility.

Then there are the arguments of those who maintain that politics is not the concern of women, that their normal domestic experience precludes them from forming just opinions on political questions. Considering that the political issues of the day, and still more of to-morrow, concern the price of food, the education—mental and physical—of children, domestic and social hygiene, temperance and marriage law, the betterment of the homes and lot of the agricultural laborer and his wife, this argument evidently belongs to yesterday.

¹ "Women are not formed for political eminence or literary refinement. The softness of their nature absolutely disqualifies them for such difficulties or exertions. The world would be deprived of its fairest ornament and man of that gentle bosom on which he can recline amid the toils of labour and the agonies of disappointment. . . . Though good health be one of the greatest blessings, be careful never to boast of it. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness with a corresponding delicacy of constitution that when a woman speaks of her great strength, or her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the descriptions in a way she is little aware of." (1788.)

"Women's most charming study is the modest but winning display of those accomplishments which increase the magic of their charms; their noblest aim to generate beings who, as women, may tread in the footsteps of their mothers, or, as men, may excel in the higher virtues which women's softer and sweeter occupations render it impossible they should ever themselves attain." (1840.)

There might be something to say in defence of it if our nation had acted up to its logical consequences. If women, as a fact, were carefully sheltered by men from the rough contact of the world, it might be reasonable to keep them also from the rights and duties of citizenship. But there are five million women wage and salary earners. There are political societies composed wholly of women whose help is welcomed even by anti-suffrage candidates, and women are confessed to be far more useful than men for doing the most difficult and thankless parts of election work. It is at least fifty years too late for this argument to be honestly used.

Then, finally, there is the argument of those who say: "Woman suffrage may be coming, but there is no need to hurry about it." The truth is that it is of urgent importance to settle this question. The great preponderance of organized intelligent women now demand the vote as a primary necessity for useful service. As one such worker said to the writer: "The field of social labor is enormous. How much longer are we to be kept asking and asking for a spade when we want to be helping to dig?" With so much to do we cannot afford to keep the great majority of intelligent women occupied in the struggle for the vote. The grant of the vote is important, but still more important is the work of social labor, in which by that grant the community will call upon women to take up a citizen's share. To deny women the vote is to tell them, in effect, that we do not want them to be citizens. Again, too, there is urgency, because it would be a disaster from which we should need years to recover if this struggle were prolonged to the point of producing in our most public-spirited women a sense of sex antagonism. We want comrades, not exasperated suppliants, for our fellow-voters. Moreover, is it

suitable to the dignity of a great representative assembly to remain in the position of repeatedly asserting their belief in a principle without taking steps to put that principle into practice? We did not do so when it was a question of payment of members.

Democratic progress has been in the past hampered by privilege; but priv-

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ilege is now getting the worst of the fight, and we are moving forward with the great task of democracy—the development of a common will. The main reason why woman suffrage must be carried is because, for that development the country needs the will of women as an active, stimulating element.

F. D. Acland.

THE FUTURE OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

The recent muddle of the Franchise Bill and the substitution of new opportunities to the friends of Female Suffrage in return for those destroyed, have naturally given rise to discussion and examination.

In particular, it is questioned whether the cause has gained or lost by the change. An attempt will be made hereafter to answer this question, but the moment is convenient for attempting a short summary of the progress of the Female Suffrage Party in this country, and for an anticipation of its future development.

Originally the agitation gained ground simply because no one took it, or was concerned to take it, seriously. It was commonly realized that different views were held by influential men in both parties, and it was therefore naturally assumed that no party would make itself responsible for the introduction of a measure, and it was equally clear that if no Government made itself so responsible Female Suffrage would never become law. Under these circumstances it seemed easy and became common for Unionist as well as Liberal candidates to gratify their lady workers by a pledge which, if they had considered the matter at all, they would have looked upon as wholly unsubstantial and unrealizable. The first phase of the Woman's Movement in this country can be shortly dis-

missed in the statement that a majority of both parties gradually became pledged to some form of female enfranchisement; but that to most of those who had given it, it did not appear that an occasion could ever arise for its redemption. A minority on both sides of politics was meanwhile strongly opposed on principle to the movement. No fresh development happened for a long time. The subject was discussed once or twice in the lifetime of each Parliament. Mr. Labouchere or his successors made humorous speeches, and in the event of a debate, hardly ever serious, ended as a matter of common form in the re-affirmation of the principle of a feminine vote. The legislators of the day thereupon returned home considering that their pledges had been redeemed, and conscious that the apparent redemption meant less than nothing at all. A slight distinction must here be drawn. It would appear that there has always been amongst Unionist politicians a section, never, I think, very considerable in numbers, though often containing men of great ability, who have been convinced that it would be possible to make a limited experiment, to give the vote, for instance, to propertyed women, to resist any further advance, and by this means to strengthen the party by a strong Conservative infusion into the voting classes. There

has equally existed on the other side of the House a certain number of Members believing in universal adult suffrage, and prepared to accept for the moment any measure which afforded an instalment of their ideal. But with those two exceptions the general attitude of Members of Parliament was as I have described it. In or about the year 1905 it suddenly struck a number of very capable and resolute women that they were being treated as fools in this matter, and so undoubtedly they were. They, or many of them, wanted business, they wanted votes, not promises and humorous debates. But it immediately became evident that they and their so-called supporters, or many of them, had been at cross-purposes from the first. The promise had been made because of the insistency of a few women, the indifference of the majority of women, and the belief that no one even expected it to be effectively carried out. As soon as the acute women to whom I have referred discovered that they were being treated as children, they cast about for some method of convincing people that they were serious, and of directing public opinion to their claims upon a conspicuous stage. Hence the origin of militancy. Many friends of the Women's Movement have lamented the growth of this phase, and ascribed to it many of the misfortunes under which the cause has suffered so much shipwreck. I do not agree with that view. In my judgment militancy advanced the cause as much in its earlier stages as it has retarded it since by manifestations ever growing more hysterical, mischievous and anti-social. But the earlier militants unquestionably achieved their object, which was worth achieving. No one, until their efforts commenced, ever took them seriously: no progress was made; no progress was likely to be made. They changed all that. They inconvenienced Minis-

ters and spoiled their rhetorical efforts. In a year they had created, indeed, some ridicule and much resentment, but people were no longer saying nothing need ever be done, but, on the contrary, many quite influential persons were saying something would have to be done, and it is to be observed that at this time the growth of militancy had not so far offended public opinion as to estrange any large number of those who were pledged. The period, accordingly, from 1907 to 1911, was one of much anxiety to those who were strongly opposed on principle to the change. A great majority of Members of the House was pledged in its support, and there seemed no small risk that amid the welter of political distractions in which we spent those controversial years some measure giving enfranchisement to some women might have emerged as an Act of Parliament. I remember, for instance, that when Mr. Shackelton introduced the so-called Conciliation Bill under the Ten Minutes Rule, I rose to oppose it with the intention, expressed in my speech, of challenging a division, but I was met with so much pressure not to persist in this intention by influential opponents of the proposals, who realized that we should be defeated by an overwhelming majority, that somewhat against my wishes I was persuaded to abandon a division. This moment was indeed the high-water-mark of the movement. The Prime Minister gave ample facilities for a second-reading debate, which was conducted with a seriousness and an ability worthy of the best traditions of the House of Commons. He announced, moreover, that in the following Session a full opportunity would be given to the supporters of the Conciliation Bill to pass their measure through all its stages in the House of Commons. At this point I think the militants committed their first irreparable error. I have always

believed that if they had rested content with their success up to this point the Conciliation Bill would probably have passed through the House of Commons. But the more progress they made the more militant they became. They began to screech, to assault Ministers, to use dog-whips and to break plate glass windows. The public attitude passed from one of thoughtless sympathy into one of strong antagonism. I cannot trace the developments in detail, but when at last in the present Session of Parliament the Conciliation Bill presented itself for decision, the position had been profoundly modified by two circumstances, for one of which the militants were alone responsible, whilst the other seemed to proceed from the dextrous malignity of so-called friends. The first was the circumstance that the growing unpopularity of militancy had led weak Members of the House of Commons to the conclusion that they had been putting their money on the wrong horse. They had promised to support Female Suffrage, first, because they thought it was popular, and, secondly, because they thought it was impossible; but they suddenly discovered that all at once it had become both odious and possible. Hence there arose at once a swift series of conversions and defections, the responsibility for most of which belonged to Mrs. Pankhurst and her friends. Had these women known at the critical moment how to substitute moderation for violence they could, I think, have successfully withstood the malign consequences of the second development to which I have referred. The Prime Minister suddenly and unexpectedly announced the intention of the Government to introduce a far-reaching Franchise Bill, and he announced, further, under pressure, it is to be presumed, from Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey, that it would be so drafted

as to admit of amendments being introduced which would graft upon it any degree of Female Suffrage which might recommend itself to the majority of the House of Commons. This blow to the woman's cause was conceived with great subtlety and ingenuity; as Mr. Lloyd George exultingly declared, the Conciliation Bill was torpedoed; but shrewd observers, including Mr. Lloyd George, were well aware that the only chance of carrying any form of Female Suffrage was to maintain the co-operation of Liberal and Unionist suffragists. This was practicable as long as the Conciliation Bill held the field. Unionists thought they were gaining a party advantage, Liberals realized that they were inserting the thin end of the wedge, and that the breach once made the cause was gained for ever. The moment this co-operation was undermined the cause was lost, and Mr. Lloyd George undermined it most completely by providing that each competitive proposal to give votes to women should be successively divided upon in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith completed what Mr. Lloyd George had begun by the amazing decision that if any female amendment was adopted the Government, including it is to be presumed those Members who loathed Female Suffrage, would nevertheless push forward with all the authority of Government the proposal so amended. This was the most fatal blow which could have been conceived, for it crudely directed the attention of the average Liberal Member who held no strong view on principle to the fact that if he supported the women he placed Mr. Asquith in an intolerable position, and the Government within sight of shipwreck. I believe, therefore, that Sir Edward Grey's amendment would have been defeated if it had ever been voted upon in the House of Commons.

A new position has now been created.

Facilities are to be given next Session for a Committee of Suffragists, either party or non-party, to produce their proposals, and if they can carry them through the House of Commons they are to be allowed the facilities afforded by the Parliament Act. Many persons think that this proposal is not unfavorable to the Woman's Movement. It is, however, as certain as anything can be, that it ensures its complete and early defeat. In the first place, I do not believe that Liberal and Unionist suffragists will ever be able to agree upon a measure. In the second place, I do not believe that they will ever be able to keep a House during all the stages of such a proposal; and, in the third place, I do not believe they will ever obtain a majority to enforce the necessary curtailment of debate. How, for instance, can the Unionist suffragists, whilst their loud protests against closure by guillotine under Parliament Act conditions are still ringing in the atmosphere of the House of Commons, vote in favor of such a suppression of debate under the same conditions being applied to a most revolutionary proposal which by universal consent has never been presented as a real issue to the constituencies? And even if these obstacles were successfully overcome there remains a far graver one, certain, if it stood alone, to wreck any prospects which such a Bill still retained. Unionist suffragists have, in my judgment, been guilty in the past of some little inconsistency, but there is one proposal to which I am certain they will never assent: they will never agree, if the House of Lords rejects the proposal, that the Parliament Act shall be used as an instrument to place it upon the Statute Book over their heads. No Unionist could do that who was not prepared to abandon the whole Unionist case against the Parliament Act: that is to say, who is not prepared to abandon everything

for which we have fought in the last four stormy years of politics. And even if the Unionist Party were capable, which I am satisfied it is not, of so conspicuous an act of opportunism and inconsistency, there would still remain obstacles fatal to the movement in its latest form. Had the amendments to the Franchise Bill been carried this Session the Government as a Government were pledged to support them in the later stages of the Bill. Such an obligation might easily have wrecked the Government, but so long as this misfortune was avoided it afforded the women an indispensable condition of their success. It has now disappeared. The Prime Minister informed me in debate that every Minister at every stage of this question would be at liberty to resist it by every means in his power. This means that each year the supporters of the Bill will have to comply with the requirements of the Parliament Act without the disciplined force of the Government machine behind them, and this is plainly impossible. In relation to the Government measures no Committee stage would be required under the Parliament Act, for nothing *ex hypothesi* can be changed without losing the Bill. But such a suppression of debate can only be made possible if in each successive Session the House of Commons is prepared to sanction a rigid system of closure by compartments. Does any one really think that the House of Commons, even if the Women's Bill were carried next Session, would sanction such a procedure in the two following Sessions? To define the prospect is to indicate its impossibility.

It would appear, therefore, to follow that for the moment, at all events, the cause of Female Enfranchisement has sustained a mortal blow, and this result ought to be generally welcomed, for it will reduce to its proper proportion an agitation which has proceeded

entirely from a handful of vociferous women, which has made no appeal to the great body of women, and which is repudiated with indignation by the great majority of men. Female Suffrage will be carried, and it will only be carried, when it has obtained so large a measure of public support that a Government can be formed all of
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whose members believe in the enfranchisement of women, and which is strong enough to defend itself against attack in Parliament and in the constituencies. Very few of us, in my humble judgment, will live to see the formation of such a Government, still fewer the successful execution of its difficult undertaking.

F. E. Smith.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

PART II. CHAPTER XI.

But it was not so easy to ascertain Robert Short's whereabouts.

One of the stablemen opined that he generally went to Limerick or Waterford; another was nearly sure that Mr. Short meant to go to Dublin this time; while Bob expressed doubt of the young farmer having gone to Ireland at all, or its being worth anybody's while to follow him thither.

"'Tisn't so likely as Maister Robert 'ud go vampin' off to Ireland at this time o' year," he said; "an' if he do go, he'll not be so very long, ye mld be sure. He'll be back i' th' inside of a week I should judge."

Zachary, fevered with impatience, but unwilling to disclose his special reason for haste, plied him with questions, and at length succeeded in eliciting the addresses of the dealers with whom Robert usually transacted business; and finally drove away, heavy-hearted, to make preparations for his journey.

Three weeks later he returned from an expedition that had been wholly without result; Robert had neither been seen or heard of at any of the places where Zachary made inquiries, and though the latter remained some days in Dublin in the hope of coming across his quarry there, he found himself at

the end of the time no further advanced in his quest.

On returning to Salisbury he found a letter awaiting him from Sally.

"Dear Mr. Short,

This is to let you know as he have come back by hisself and not namin' no names nor minchinin' were he have been since he left. No new horse come nor is expected and the men thinks it was altogether a pleasure trip in my opinin 'tis best to leave things alone. I will let you know if I do hear of him keepin' up with her but I fancy it is over and done.

Your obedient servant,

Sarah Old."

This document cast Zachary into a very frenzy of anger. Just as he was, still stained with the dust of the journey, unshaven, unfed, he threw himself into the train and made his way with all possible speed to Pendleton Farm.

Maister Robert was out, old Bob told him, eyeing his ashen face askance; he mld be in soon and yet he mldn't. Would not Mr. Short step in and wait? The old maister was indoor, and Sally.

"Nay, I'll not bide," rejoined Zachary, passing his tongue over his parched lips. "I'll go and look for en. He can't be huntin' to-day—Where is he?"

A younger man now emerging from the stable, volunteered that Maister Robert had stepped up to the big

pasture to look at the young colts.

"Over yonder?" asked Zachary, following the direction implied by a jerk of the thumb.

"Ees, you can follow the path through thik little white gate."

"Thankee," rejoined Zachary, and went striding off, his long loose limbs carrying him over the ground at a prodigious rate.

"Ye was a bit too ready wi' your tongue, young chap," said Bob, looking after him. "If ever I did see mischief in a man's face, I seed it in his. You did ought to ha' kept your mouth shut. This here is the feller what's been huntin' after Maister Robert all over Ireland. He's summat pertic'lar again him I d' 'low."

"Lard, there's no need to be beatin' about the bush with I," rejoined the other; "the tale's all over the country—about his wife disappearin' out of his van. 'Twas a funny thing, too, Maister takin' this here pleasure trip just at the time."

"Stuff an' rubbidge!" cried Bob, who, little as he had cause to love Robert Short, had been long enough in his father's service to stand up for the honor of the family. "Honesty is his cousin—she was brought up here, so to speak. He never noticed her all the time she was here, no more than if she was a kitten."

"'Tis a funny thing, though, you'll admit," remarked the younger man, by no means convinced.

Bob conceded that it was a funny thing, adding with apparent inconsequence that a man mid be a villain, and yet not an out-and-out villain, which cryptic statement his subordinate failed to endorse.

Meanwhile Zachary, having traversed two fields, descried the stalwart figure of Robert strolling about the further end of the great pasture, and leisurely examining the young horses which were grazing there.

Zachary scarcely knew that he called out; the hoarse shout escaped involuntarily from his lips, and Robert, wheeling quickly, came towards him.

The two met in the centre of the field; the younger man ruddy, newly-shaven, well-fed, prosperous in every detail of his person; Zachary still wearing, as has been said, the clothes in which he had travelled all night, shaggy, haggard. The glance which Robert flung at him contained as much superciliousness as astonishment.

"Who are you, ragamuffin, that you should cross my path so early?" it seemed to say. But Zachary took no note of the disdain; it was Robert's assumption of astonishment which seemed to fill up the measure of his iniquity.

"Where's my wife?" he cried, in a choked voice.

He stood a pace or two away from Robert, his arms hanging stiffly by his sides his hands clenched, his eyes seeming to burn in their sockets.

Robert stared at him, and then uttered a short laugh:

"How should I know?" he cried. "You ought to look after her better, my friend."

"What have you done with her?" insisted Zachary.

He came a step nearer, breathing heavily. Robert drew back and then laughed at himself for the instinctive movement. He had nothing to fear from Zachary; had he not come off conqueror in their previous trial of strength?

"Honesty was too clever for you, wasn't she?" he said. "Perhaps you've heard of shutting the stable door after the horse has been stolen? Pity you didn't bear that proverb in mind, else maybe you wouldn't have travelled so far with your van locked up after the little bird had escaped by the window."

"You do know that, then?" said

Zachary, hoarsely. "If you do know that you do know more. I'll have the truth from ye!"

Seeing the torture in the man's face, Robert was minded to keep him in suspense, feeling something of the cruel pleasure with which he would have played a fish at the end of his line or watched the struggles of a trapped wild cat.

"Listen to me, Cousin Zachary," he said. "When a husband treats his pretty wife as you treated Honesty, she's a right to escape from him. I'm not going to give her away. She means to have done with *you*, that's quite certain. She was too good for you, anyway. What business has a grey-haired old widower to take up with a pretty girl like Honesty? 'Pon my word, she is pretty! I never could have believed she would have improved in looks so much."

"That's neither here nor there," said Zachary, shivering with the effort to preserve his self control. "I want to know where she is. If you do know how she got out of the van you do know more, I say. You followed her up most likely."

"Well, and supposing I did follow her up?" retorted the other. "Supposing, now, somebody said to me that day something like this:—'I've seen a funny sight—a young woman climbing out of the window of a van. No horses to the van, and no driver,' he might say, 'but a light-haired young woman climbing out of the window and running up the road like a hare.'"

"Did anybody say such a thing to you?" queried Zachary, his eager hunger for positive information inducing him to parley with his tormentor.

"O, that would be telling! I'm just putting the case to you. It's a thing which might happen. A good many of us had been hunting that day, and somebody might easily have ridden along the top road as I did that very

morning and seen all this happen. Well, supposing somebody came to me with that tale—wouldn't it be natural for me to follow up my cousin?"

"Oh, have done with that talk about your cousin!" exclaimed Zachary, goaded out of his enforced patience. "'Tis little the thought of her being your cousin would stop ye if ye had a mind to carry on with her."

"Quite true," said Robert, "it wouldn't stop me. You see, while Honesty was living at our place, I was willing to treat her as my cousin—not having any particular fancy for her. But it is different now, and of course she isn't really my cousin."

"Have ye got her hid away somewhere then?" faltered the unhappy husband, forcing himself at last to voice his secret dread.

"Come, now," sneered Robert, "do you really think I'd be such a fool as to tell you where the little bird has made her nest if I knew?—I'm not admitting that I do know, mind you, I'm only saying 'if.' She's left you, that's a fact, and she must have had good reasons for doing it, but I can't see that it is any concern of yours where she is now."

"It's this much concern of mine," rejoined Zachary, the words coming haltingly through his set lips, "that if ye don't give her up to me I'll kill ye. I'll not leave ye above ground to keep carryin' on wth her, laughin' in your treacherous heart at her shame."

The veins swelled on his forehead, the muscles in his neck seemed to stand out; the tension was at snapping point and he looked dangerous.

For a moment Robert was conscious of a qualm, but only for a moment. He had plenty of animal courage, and being essentially cold-blooded was capable of seizing every advantage of the situation, while Zachary, maddened by rage and grief, strove blindly for his end, taking no heed of consequences.

"I think that's a mistake," said the former, after a pause, "I think you'll find it your best policy to leave me above ground, Cousin Zachary, and to keep your hands off me, what's more—for several reasons. One is, that if we come to blows I should probably have the better of it, being younger than yourself and quite as strong. Another reason is that two or three of my men are watching us from the gate yonder, and if you escape me you would fall into their hands. In either case you would be taken up for assault and you would go to prison—if you killed me you'd hang. Now, what would become of Honesty if anything happened to you? If you're so keen to have her back, think about that, my man. The bird might be inclined to return to its cage one of these days, and if the cage was gone what would she do?"

Zachary was a brave man and a strong one; but never in all his life had he such need of courage and strength as now, when it was necessary to subdue himself, to conquer the wild desire to strike down the villain who blasphemed all that he held sacred, whose very existence was, as he believed, a degradation to himself. That he did come off victor in the battle was due to the intensity of his love and pity for the erring wife—who would be indeed thrown upon the world if he were not there to receive and protect her.

He stood still for a moment, dizzy and sick, and when he spoke again it was in a voice faint with the effort it cost him to control himself.

"I could—thank ye for remindin' me. 'Tis the one thing—the only thing what could keep my hands off ye. For Honesty's sake I'll—I'll let ye alone. But I'll watch ye—" Here his voice steadied itself and grew loud—"I'll watch ye—I'll dog your steps. If you do go nigh her I'll catch ye—and once I've

a-found her, and once I do know she've a-come to harm through ye, I'll have no mercy on ye."

Robert smiled at some inward thought.

"By all means," he said. "If you like to make a laughing-stock of yourself I've no objection. You can keep a sharp look-out, Cousin Zachary, and so can I. When I find you really are on the scent—really getting warm, you know, I'll have police protection."

His loud laughter echoed over the field, but Zachary, turning, walked unsteadily away without a backward glance.

CHAPTER XII.

Had he not been possessed of exceptional physical endurance Zachary must have succumbed to the strain of the ensuing weeks. He scarcely ate or slept. From his lodging in a cottage a stone's throw away from Pendleton Farm, he kept a sharp look-out on Robert Short's movements, following him about whenever he was able, and when that became impossible, awaiting his return in agonies of suspense.

Sally, within the house, was his faithful if disapproving ally, and though she adhered to her opinion that it would have been better to let matters alone for the present, did not fail to keep him informed of all that she knew concerning Robert's movements. Other people, too, pitying his distress even while thinking him half-crazed, furnished him with occasional items from without.

He knew for instance whether Robert had been out for the whole day, or whether he had returned early; when he had been seen at market, and when he had gone off on some solitary expedition without disclosing his goal.

Robert himself, quite aware of what was going on, took a malicious pleasure in mystifying his cousin, often throwing out hints which were calculated in

Honesty.

the mouths of credulous intermediates to be magnified into propositions of sinister import, and occasionally, knowing that Zachary himself was "dogging his steps" as he had threatened to do, leading him on a wild goose-chase which ended in some futile manner, such as in a call at a distant farm, an order to some tradesman in Sturminster, or merely long wandering by circuitous paths, returning to Pendleton without a halt.

He would chuckle to himself, when, after one of these latter expeditions, he took notice of his own fatigue, realizing how much greater must be that of the older and heavier man, a man moreover almost worn out.

One evening, turning sharply and doubling back, he met his pursuer face to face.

"How are you getting on, eh?" he inquired pleasantly; "getting any warmer?"

Zachary eyed him steadily, but made no reply; in the growing dusk his figure, blocking the narrow path, appeared almost gigantic. The impression which it conveyed of silent watchful force irritated Robert:—

"I wonder you think it worth while to keep up this game!" he exclaimed sharply; "I wonder you are not ashamed."

"I bain't ashamed," responded Zachary, "and it'll be worth my while to keep it up until I find her."

"Well, I am going home now," said the other impatiently, "so this time you've had your walk for nothing."

Zachary stood aside to let him pass, and then escorted him, walking a few paces in the rear.

"It isn't very good for business, this kind of thing, is it?" asked Robert presently over his shoulder.

"No," agreed Zachary, "it isn't very good for business, but I've money saved—I can hold out."

Robert walked on for another fifty

yards, the heavier footfalls of the older man echoing in his wake.

All at once he stopped short and waited for the other to come up.

"Look here," he said, "I'm about tired of this. I might have you up before a magistrate for annoying me, but I won't—for reasons of my own. Will you be satisfied if I tell you that I haven't the least idea where Honesty is?"

The evening was now closing in, and it was almost dark, but he could see the shadowy figure beside him sway.

"How can I be sure you'm speaking the truth?" came the answer in husky tones.

"I can prove it if you like."

He fumbled in his pocket and presently, producing a matchbox, struck a light.

"Hold that," he said to Zachary, "and now"—drawing a note from its envelope—"read this."

The letter contained but a few lines, scrawled in a large firm hand.

"Dear Mr. Devil,—If you don't come next week I shall quarrel with you.—Yours ever, C. B."

The match burnt low, scorching Zachary's fingers, but he seemed to feel no pain.

"What's the meanin' of it?" he asked.

"What's the meanin' of 'Dear Mr. Devil,' and who's 'C. B.'?"

"The young lady I am paying my addresses to," rejoined Robert.

"Mr. Devil' is her pet name for me. There's a play or some such thing called *Robert the Devil*, and she fancies the name suits me."

The match went out leaving them in darkness, and there was a moment's silence broken only by Zachary's heavy breathing.

"C. B.," he presently repeated slowly. "I do want to know what they letters stand for."

"Oh, I won't tell you the name."

laughed Robert, "that wouldn't be fair, but if you like to strike another match I'll show you her picture."

The match grated three or four times on the box before Zachary succeeded in igniting it, but at last it flickered forth feebly, and Robert, coming a step nearer, opened a locket which dangled from his watch-chain, and held it carelessly towards him.

On one side was a lock of very dark hair, the photograph of a girl's face on the other. Something familiar about the features puzzled Zachary for a moment, and then he remembered:—

"'Tis the girl what I seed ye ridin' wi' at Shillingstone Hill."

"Was she riding with me that day? Yes, I believe she was. You've a good memory."

"Then how be I to know as you bain't trickin' me?" said Zachary, following out his own train of thought. "How be I to know as this bain't a wold letter, and thik photograph a wold 'un too. 'Tis fourteen months ago since us did meet ye at Shillingstone Hill and you come up to my van arter Honesty this spring."

The second match went out and again the two men faced each other in the darkness.

Robert closed the locket with a snap and deliberately returned it to his pocket.

Zachary's breath came thicker now; the other could actually hear the heavy beating of his heart, and again the instinct of the tormentor prompted him to keep this troublesome fellow on the rack.

"I can't give you any clearer proof than this. I'm not such a fool as to carry about one woman's picture when I'm making up to another, and as far as the letter goes, do you think it would be worth my while to keep any letter from a woman I'd lost my fancy for? No! when I've done with a woman I've done with her. I've done with Hon-

esty. You can keep her if you can find her."

"How do you mean 'done wi' her,'" said Zachary in a strangled voice. "I'll have the whole truth. You do own—that you did follow her?"

"Yes, I'll own that, but I won't tell you anything more. You must find out the rest from Honesty herself, and let me tell you you are losing your time here. I've nothing to say to her now. While you're playing the spy on me she is—who knows where she is or what she's doing?"

"Oh!" groaned Zachary between his set teeth, "thik girl do call ye by your right name. You be a devil. Don't you say another word to me now, but go, while I can keep my senses."

Flinging the matchbox on the ground without waiting to take heed of Robert's movements, he himself wheeled and hurried away in the opposite direction to that which he had been pursuing.

"Done with her"! The words seemed burnt into his heart; he felt as though he himself must stand forth among his fellows branded, disgraced. Was it not because of his failure to keep that marriage vow which bound him to love and cherish her that Honesty had found herself at the mercy of this villain—a plaything to be taken up and tossed away?

Robert had indeed displayed fiendish ingenuity in the puzzle which he had set for him; all that night Zachary sat brooding over the precise meaning of his words, his mind ever searching for a clue, and ever baffled.

"He had done with her." Was Robert speaking the truth or was he not? Was this merely a trick cunningly devised to divert his own suspicions, or had the man really tired of his passing fancy, and allowed his fickle affections to return to the lady who was presumably his first love? Zachary knew enough of Robert Short to realize that

he would have no qualms in letting the girl whose life he had wrecked to wander away unheeded, to perish perhaps of starvation and misery.

Early in the morning he went to Pendleton Farm, where, as he expected, Sally was the only person astrid about the place. In his great trouble he laid aside his habitual reserve and told her of his encounter with Robert on the previous night, and of the incident of the locket and the note.

"C. B.," exclaimed the old woman. "That'll be Miss Barton, Miss Cynthia Barton. Maister Robert has been arter her off an' on for a long while. Her father died last year and she an' her mother have shifted to the north of England somewhere. Fancy him takin' up wi' her again! 'Tis my belief 'tis her he'll marry in the end."

Zachary's worn face lit up.

"Perhaps," he cried, eagerly, "he was with her when we thought he was in Ireland."

Sally shook her head dubiously.

"I wouldn't make too sure o' that," she said. "When he come back so excited an' queer that Tuesday night, 'twas arter comin' across Honesty. I'm sorry for to ha' to say it, Mr. Shart, but though I d' 'low it's Miss Barton he'll marry, 'tis only by fits an' starts he do court her, he do have many a passing fancy between while. 'Tis a

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(To be continued.)

queer thing as Honesty should ha' reg'lar vanished away wi'out there bein' some reason for it. Where could she go?"

Where could she go, indeed? Zachary asked himself this question as he returned sorrowfully to his lodging. Not to either of her married sisters. Before going to Ireland he had told them of his trouble and begged them to keep on the look-out for her. They would have told him if they had had news of her. She had no other relations that he knew of and no very intimate friends. Was there no one whom she could turn to?

As he reached his own door a sudden inspiration came to him.

There was the vicar—her father's former master—he had seemed to take an interest in Honesty; yes, Zachary remembered now; he had even been anxious to defer her wedding in order that the girl might not make up her mind in too great a hurry.

Now that the marriage had turned out so badly for Honesty, she might possibly have made her way to him to seek for counsel in her trouble. It would be worth while asking if he had had news of her.

Zachary shaved and changed his clothes, and took the first available train to Branstone, whence he walked towards Mr. Harvey's vicarage.

THE POST IMPRESSIONIST.

The spirit of unrest has invaded the arts. Literature and philosophy have surrendered and painting is threatened. It seems that all schools are wrong. The great masters of the past did not know their business. The real mystery of painting, withheld through all the centuries, has at last been revealed to a few cranks from Montmartre whom

the world treated with indifference, until the critics in want of something new to say thrust them upon the attention of a long-suffering public. Like all of the grosser absurdities, the appeal is principally to women, and any day you may find the Grafton Galleries congested with ecstatic females from the suburbs in search of culture. Those

of us who are old enough to remember the æsthetic craze of the eighties notice a curious similarity in the faithful. The same wan women wander round with the same shambling men, talking aggressively the jargon of the modern school and hoping against hope they are shocking the public. One great quality of success no one can deny the modern; he is not handicapped by any undue modesty.

In the catalogue of the present exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, one of the many prefaces, this in particular by a gentleman who claims that "Happily there is no need to be defensive—the battle is won." This is, of course, a very old trick of advocacy, to commence an argument by assuming everything disputable in your own favor. It is curious if the victory has been so decisive that a comparatively small exhibition of pictures should require three apologies. In fact, there is more apology than catalogue. Material victory is claimed one supposes by the numbers who have come to see. If so, it is the kind of success most people would find more humiliating than failure, and is best explained by the comment of an old attendant, who, on being asked how the exhibition was doing, replied, "Splendidly, sir! This sort of thing draws much better than pictures."

There is one fact that makes sober folk a little sceptical about all these modern revelations. It is curious what an odd trick their prophets have of being mad—the faithful seem to prefer it, and worship with all the devotion of the Arab to a mad Mullah. It may be due to the eastern influence in art of which one hears so much, which has introduced this superstitious respect for lunacy from the Orient. But from Nietzsche to Van Gogh, to say nothing of Strindberg, the taint is there. Mr. Roger Fry is not nearly so cocksure. That at least 50 per cent of the work

exhibited could be produced without the smallest technical skill is obvious to the simplest observer; still, Mr. Fry plaintively points out that Cezanne at any rate could paint. But then Cezanne can hardly be claimed by the post impressionists; they almost reject him as an imitative. His pictures have some resemblance to the objects they depict. You can tell his flower-studies belong to the vegetable kingdom, which reduces him at once to an academic level. In this country we hardly know his work except by his pictures of still life, which, while they have a certain decorative charm of design and color, do not take us very far in a rather uninteresting school. In the present exhibition there are some water-color sketches full of suggestion and feeling, although indefinite, even as studies, which make one suspect that perhaps we have not seen his best work so far in England; but Mr. Fry has to admit that one of the masters of the post-impressionist school was a custom-house officer, who painted without any training in the art, and in the intervals of examining luggage produced effects we are asked to admire as imaginative and inspired. It is also a fact that the two founders, Van Gogh and Gauguin, never attempted to paint until they were too old to learn the elements of their business. Van Gogh himself admits: "Any figure that I paint is generally dreadful even in my own eyes; how much more hideous it must be therefore in other peoples." (*The Letters of a Post Impressionist*, p. 69.)

The theory of the school it seems is this. Hitherto painting has been regarded as objective, its aim to represent something existing and seen. This is quite wrong, and is airily disposed of as imitative art. You may as well have a colored photograph. It is this bourgeois desire that a picture should resemble something that is at the bot-

tom of all the trouble. Mr. Fry explains the new gospel thus: "These artists do not seek to imitate form but create form, not to imitate life but to find an equivalent for life." In case this is too hard a saying, he is kind enough to explain. "By that I mean that they wish to make images, which by the clearness of their logical structure and by their closely knit unity of texture shall appeal to our disinterested and contemplative imagination, with something of the same vividness as the things of actual life appeal to our practical activities. In fact, they aim not at illusion but reality." This is an example of the most irritating of all modern affectations; the word-game which consists in arranging a certain collocation of pompous words and pretending that they have a meaning, a sort of post-intelligent composition. When from all this pretentious stuff any meaning escapes, the nonsense is obvious and the absurdity of the school is patent.

The representation of any object and reality are two different things: a tree is real, its picture however treated can only suggest it. In fact this new school is more divorced from reality than the old. You must not paint a tree, you must produce the idea of a tree, so you are to achieve reality by suggesting an idea, as if the actual and the ideal were not a contradiction in terms. It could be just as reasonable to ask Bishop Berkeley to write an appreciation of the philosophical principles of Mr. Locke. It is not surprising that the high priest of this crazy stuff should have died a raving lunatic.

Mr. Fry cannot make even his own nonsense coherent. He admits that to be sincere the artist ought to give up all resemblance to natural form. What they do is a dishonest compromise. They paint a woman, which still can be recognized as human, and then to avoid imitative art give her six toes.

So you may still imitate as long as you imitate something that is not there, or as it is put by one of their admirers: "They are independent of place or time or a particular civilization or point of view. Theirs is an art which stands on its own feet (with six toes) instead of leaning on life" (with five); so to make quite sure the feet are your own you give them six toes and art is saved. Thus you have achieved a "passionate attempt to express profound emotion." It is wonderful what can be accomplished by a toe more or less. The absurdity of the new gospel is self-evident. There is no greater blunder in art than to try and express one kind of art in the medium of another. It is the bedrock of all artistic error, yet we are told pictures are to be "pieces of music." You must "create a purely abstract language of form, a visual music."

Was there ever such hare-brained chatter? A picture has about as much to do with music as with mathematics. In fact less, for Picasso, who, at any rate, has the honesty of his delusions, paints pictures of human beings which resemble nothing but the figures in the second book of Euclid. How far the cubists are sincere or not must be a matter of conjecture. One cannot help suspecting they have been hoaxing the credulous critics. At any rate, the managers of the Grafton Galleries have some sense of shame, if, as we understand, a grotesque performance originally called "Madonna and Christ" has been tempered to the shorn public under the description of "Mother and Child."

Then, again, this cant of representing the idea of things. This is a province not of pictorial art but literature, and the newest phase is merely a return to the literary art which was the bane of the mid-Victorian school. The only difference is that you are painting, as it were, a story by Mr. Henry

James instead of by Mrs. Henry Wood. Then we are told we must seek simplicity and return to the primitives. Pure color and elimination of chiaroscuro are the two dogmas of the new primitives. All drawing of course ceases to count—*atmosphere* is wrong. Rembrandt, it appears, was a very inferior practitioner to the ingenious gentleman who used to design the advertisements of Mr. Taylor's repository and his receptive vans. The reasoning is this, because the primitives had not discovered the secret of aerial perspective, that therefore we are to pretend that we live in a world of two dimensions. It sounds like the wisdom of one of the professors of Laputa. It cannot be denied that many of the contributors to the Grafton Galleries have gone back far enough, almost to the stone age of art, the paving-stone age, for their efforts would compare quite favorably with the chalked mackerel and shipwreck of Piccadilly. "Any form in which an artist can express himself is legitimate." Such is the simple faith of the post impressionist, who, in the same breath, tells us that all art except his own is false, and herein lies the weak spot of the movement. With its pioneers Van Gogh and Gauguin the art was at any rate sincere; with all its faults it was the expression of one mad and another brutal personality, but what is the use of a blameless cockney supporting a wife and family in South Kensington pretending he sees life like an absinthe sodden haunter of Montmartre. It is like trying to run a Quartier Latin cabaret in Regent Street. One may dislike the work of Van Gogh and Gauguin, but it is entitled to the credit of being an effort in an original if repulsive direction. Their imitators are merely conventional, as conventional as the Victorians they despise.

The Victorian efforts were bad enough with their false sentiment and

cheap prettiness, but even that is better than falsier brutality and cheaper ugliness. In so far as the new movement is an effort to bring fresh air into an exhausted atmosphere it may be sane and wholesome. Even the foolish chatter about imitativeness has this germ of truth in it, that a more literal transcript from nature may be no more artistic than a photograph, and that a devotion to beauty may degenerate into mere prettiness. The Victorian art fell into both these quagmires, but these simple truths are a good deal older than post impressionism. Still beauty in some form is essential to a work of art. Degas painted repulsive subjects—low drinking-bars, ungainly ballet girls—but none the less his pictures were as beautiful as the peasants of Millet and Israel.

The impressionists reminded us that it was the treatment and not the subject that mattered, and breathed color and life into a drab and dead world of art, and in the course of time persuaded even the critics that the last word in art had not been spoken by the contemporary academicians. After their advent anecdotal art became the butt of the very critics who had applauded it most. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about anecdotal pictures. Some one invented the phrase and the critics, always like sheep ready to follow, worked it to death. A little reflection would show us that all the greatest masterpieces of the world are anecdotal pictures. A picture does not have to be anecdotal because the subject is taken from mythology or Holy Writ.

The fault of the Victorian pictures was not that they told stories, but that the painting was subordinate to the subject. Instead of the story being an excuse for the painting the painting was an excuse for the story. The artist was endeavoring to express one art in the terms of another, just as

the post impressionists are endeavoring to express subjective emotions in the terms of an objective art. The impressionists saved us from much but they did one ill-service—they made post impressionism possible. The poor critics came such a cropper over the impressionists they have been apprehensive ever since. They were not going to be caught twice. At any risk they must not be old-fashioned and suspected of being behind the modern feeling. Then it is a great relief to have something new to say. The public are sure to follow. It is like the fairy story of the king's new clothes. Imaginary beauties are pointed out until people are afraid to trust the verdict of their own eyes. It is a sort of Christian Science adapted to the fine arts. You think an ill picture well done and it is. In a sceptical age there is nothing people will not believe if it is only sufficiently ridiculous.

The following extract from one of Van Gogh's letters is not without interest:

A certain anecdote about Giotto strikes me as being very neat. There was a prize competition opened for the best picture of the Virgin, and a host of sketches were sent in to the judging committee of fine arts of the day. The one signed by Giotto was a simple oval, a plain, egg-shaped space. The jury, entirely confident although perplexed, gave Giotto the commission for the picture. (*The Letters of a Post Impressionist*, p. 58.)

We recommend this story to the attention of "the judging committee of the Grafton Galleries."

The stock phrase of these critics on the run is self-expression. The object of art is to express one's personality—all this rather priggish phrase means is, that good art must be sincere, and that if an artist has nothing original to say he had better hold his tongue, but the moderns confuse the means with the end, and talk as if self-ex-

pression in itself were a virtue. The fallacy is obvious. Because a good picture must be sincere, it does not follow sincerity will produce a good picture. The virtue of self-expression must depend a good deal on the personality to be expressed. Some of the recent manifestations amount almost to an indecent exposure.

The pictures of Van Gogh and Gauguin are much more intelligible when we find out what manner of men they were. Van Gogh was an amiable, weak-minded man, whose efforts to succeed in an art for which he had few qualifications turned a brain never very strong, and he died in a lunatic asylum. Gauguin was a different personality, so disagreeable an eccentric that even Bohemian Paris found him intolerable—a vain, vulgar poseur—he could only find a society congenial to his nature in the most repulsive form of savage life. In fact, the only thing so far that has been discovered in favor of the Tahitans is, that they were probably not so bad as Gauguin painted them. One is not surprised to learn that it was Gauguin's society and art that finally drove Van Gogh mad. In Julius Meier-Graefe's monumental work on modern art, vol. ii, p. 61, we read:

Van Gogh was irritated into one of his most violent attacks of mania by being with his friend, with whom he disagreed on many points, and whose individuality, setting aside his art, was the exact opposite of his own. One evening, as Gauguin tells us in a recent manuscript, he flung a glass at his friend's head in a tavern; Gauguin retreated and on the following morning told his remorseful comrade that he should prefer to quit Arles, and that he should tell Van Gogh's brother Theodore about the matter (upon whom the simple artist had lived for many years). Vincent said nothing; but in the evening he attacked Gauguin in the street with a razor; Gauguin managed to restrain him, whereupon Van Gogh went home and cut his own ear off at the root.

Then Gauguin, to the relief of his acquaintance, departed to Tahiti, where he was reported to have died of leprosy. This has been contradicted, a contradiction which, it is understood, gave great relief in post-impressionist circles, as showing that even Gauguin knew where to draw the line. Such were the two masters. So their works become almost articulate. The self-expression of a latent maniac and a patent savage.

But now Matisse is brought in to reinforce the others. He is mainly represented at the Post-Impressionist Exhibition by a grotesque picture which looks like an advertisement of Swan and Edgar's, and an enormous study of nude women dancing on a hill. This is claimed as the last word of rhythmic art. The figures are hideous and ungainly. The only merit is in the line of the figure on the extreme left, which is a bold piece of drawing. The picture has also an interest, as the artist has returned to the Victorian convention of painting nude figures pink, in order to gain a meretricious color-effect: any sense of movement is entirely absent. One has only to compare this crude amorphous composition with the dancing peasants of Rubens in the Museo del Prado at Madrid, to see how completely Matisse has missed his aim.

The National Review.

At the Grafton Galleries there are many beautiful works—in particular some delightful specimens of Monsieur Flandrin's charming art. But the appeal of all these pictures is a refutation of the post-impressionist case. It is based upon all the methods the post impressionists reject. They are all not merely frankly imitative but successfully imitative. The only pictures which follow in sincerity the theories of the school are the cubists, for whom even Mr. Fry can find no excuse, and which have now been very properly removed from an exhibition which takes the money of the public. The latest defence discovered by no less an authority than the *Times* in a leading article is this. That, as regards the artists, post impressionism is merely a symptom and not a disease; but perhaps from an artistic point of view a symptom is the most repulsive part of disease; and for the critics, that while it is possible they may not be "literary parasites who talk pretentious and futile nonsense," at any rate they do not paint post-impressionist pictures themselves. Unfortunately they do, and remind us once more of that famous definition of Lord Beaconsfield, which if it be not an excuse, is certainly an explanation of much that the public have had to suffer of late.

Montpelier.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Who cannot talk? But then again, who can? How often does talk deserve to be called conversation? It was not the subjects which were to blame when the young man in *Punch* complained that he had tried the Professor (renowned for his agreeability) with hunting, shooting, and music-halls, and could get nothing out of him. It was the speaker himself who was in fault,

and who, we may feel sure, had nothing to contribute but the smallest of talk, even on matters nearest to his heart.

"There is less good talk nowadays in society," Sir Leslie Stephen once said to the present writer, "because the same people do not meet often enough and so do not become familiar with each

other's turns of thought." We are apt to say that conversation is a lost art, but perhaps we rather mean that our ideas about it have altered. Guests would no longer consent to hang on Macaulay's torrent of words and to draw a breath of relief during his "brilliant flashes of silence," and the kind of people who had special points to make, round the dinner-tables of old, would be given little opportunity for working up to them, and would get less sympathy if they felt annoyed for half the evening because their wit had missed fire or their good story remained untold. Yet no doubt that was talk worth listening to. A lady who recollected it described it to her daughter: "One moment we were listening to a keen controversy, retorts like rapier-thrusts, the next we were shaking with laughter at a biting jest, or personal experience, inimitably told, and then some turn of pathos would make us more inclined to cry."

Let us try to analyze what is conversation? We may then ask, Is it desirable that conversation should exist? And to these two points we may presently add a third—Can the art of conversation be acquired?

The word "conversation" denotes the Greek *ἑπαισις*, meaning a contribution-feast. It therefore only permits us to qualify it by adjectives of praise, as "brilliant," "witty," "thoughtful," "pleasant." Dull or silly talk is not conversation at all. Conversation is large of embrace, and includes within its terms discussion, argument, anecdote, and every other form of interchange of ideas that may enhance the excellence of the feast. The monosyllabic fare of slang and abbreviation with which we are often regaled is more like a quick-lunch than a banquet, and offers nothing to be enjoyed or savored. More often than not our fare consists of nothing better than that which Mrs. Cole's dinner afforded to

Emma Woodhouse and her friends: "The usual rate of conversation; a few clever things said, a few downright silly, but by much the larger proportion neither the one nor the other—nothing worse than every-day remarks, dull repetitions, old news, and heavy jokes."

Seneca gives us his idea of conversation. "Who talks in a finished style unless he wishes to be affected? Talk should be unlabored, easy, and without anything precious and artificial." Conversation is a give and take, where, as in a game of tennis, the ball is thrown backwards and forwards with more or less force and accuracy, and in which the speakers are able to gauge the worth of their own ideas and to learn what are the ideas, tastes and experience of the other players of the game, and in its essence it is no doubt part of the wider and deeper art of giving pleasure. To take up what others say in easy comment, to give something which will please or inform or stimulate in return, to lead without seeming to do so when a leader is required, to follow the chances of the moment, drifting with its temper—this is the framework necessary to good conversation.

An attractive picture is given in his *Life of Tennyson's* talk. "He never deviated into rhetoric, yet the same imaginative grasp of Nature, the same fineness and gentleness in his view of character, the same forbearance and toleration, the *aurea mediocritas*, despised of fools and fanatics, were constantly perceptible, while in the easy, and, as it were, unsought choiceness, the truth-loving precision of his words, the same personal identity revealed itself. It would be an inaccurate impression that the talk ran commonly upon the great aspects of life and literature . . . no one had so large a store of anecdotes, serious or comic, but always illustrative of human character and always given with lucid terseness,

clothed in perfect English." That may be called positive conversation, and if we could be sure that it avoided the blemish of monologue we should say it was of a high order, yet it includes qualities which need not be denied to meaner mortals. Or let us turn to a recent volume of reminiscences: "I never thought Mary Berry was clever in what she said; still, clever men liked talking to her. Both she and her sister had the great talent of making people appreciate themselves and of making them feel that they were liked, wished for, and listened to."

Of that kind of faculty we can hardly have too much. But of the pitfalls which lie in the path of the conversationalist Mr. H. G. Wells, in his last book, gives an entertaining example. He describes the man whose *métier* it is to talk, who aspired to emulate talkers of past times, who had written an essay on "Talk in the Past," and who loved to discuss "Who is the best Talker now alive?"; who boasted of week-ends when the talk had gone on from the moment of meeting in the train to the moment of parting at Euston or Waterloo. "And Trafford could imagine the talk he had escaped. The interminable, rambling floods of superficial observation, of emotional appreciation and silly, sapient comment. Over it all the fatal blight of pose and insincerity." "He wondered why Blenkins and his like talked at all. Essentially they lived for pose, and not for expression. They did not greatly desire to *discover, make, or be*; they wanted to seem and to succeed. Talking was part of their pose of great intellectual activity. . . . Listening was a politeness among them that was presently rewarded by utterance."

Mr. Wells's hero was, however, so particularly unlucky as to suggest that his ill-luck was partly owing to some shortcoming in himself. "Never once had he known a talk thicken to ade-

quate discussion; never had a new view or a new idea come to him in a talk . . . these talkers never came to grips; fell away from topic to topic, pretended depth and evaded the devastating horror of sincerity."

Memoirs of the last century give us the impression of opportunities for leisured meeting and of much sprightly, natural, and brilliant talk in society, founded on a basis of interest in great affairs and of a genuine love of literature. "Stale anecdotes and quotations were at a discount; the mark of fashion was simplicity and a natural grace." To-day the tendency is increasing to look on thought and earnestness as synonymous with boredom. Men and women prefer to regard life as a series of outward acts. They live in the moment, what the French call *couper le fil*, and as they pass from one active diversion to another they call it enjoying life. But it is what we put into life, not what we take out of it, that counts, and of those who live without the sensitiveness which comes from conscious reflection it can only be said that they will never know what they have missed.

Those who have only amusement and the social round for all their occupation can hardly avoid becoming superficial. Even culture, which is its own end and aim, is apt to grow barren. To remain ardent and profound it must almost invariably be combined with some practical purpose. To pass lightly from topic to topic has been mentioned as one of the qualities necessary to converse in society. To be able to be light in hand is certainly essential, but who shall pronounce if in social intercourse we should pierce the depths or remain upon the surface? "The most solid and lasting gain, the most exquisite refreshment of the soul," says Professor Mahaffy, in his brilliant essay, "Principles of the Art of Conversation," "can come from converse, and

it would be absurd to exclude this precious comfort from our theory of conversation. In this frame of mind men sometimes find the profoundest truths side by side with the idlest jest." Talkers come to grips over the most unlikely topics, on the most improvised occasions, yet good conversation seems to need some leisure, some setting to give it a fair chance—a luncheon or a dinner table, a terrace with a group gathered on it of a summer evening, or round the firelight before dinner, a long strolling walk in congenial company. It is hardly possible that a conversation should come to much in a crowd, with newcomers claiming attention and the clock reminding us that we must be going on elsewhere. And there are other physical conditions to be wished for. A pleasant voice, an absence of accent and catch-words, a simple, straightforward manner. These are not unimportant, but more as favorable starting-points than as absolute essentials, for good looks and a sweet voice will not make up for dulness and want of sympathy, while the harshness and awkward manner of the good talker are soon forgotten.

To ask if good conversation is desirable is to realize that, say what we will, its charm is one to which we are all open. Real good talk, adaptable, appropriate, sincere and easy, will appeal to the most frivolous. The most occupied will return from it soothed, entertained, interested, pleased with him or her self. It affords one of the most real and lasting of all pleasures; a pleasure that grows instead of palling. We get tired of games, tired of amusing ourselves, but very few of us get tired of sympathetic, pleasant talk. What an easy amenity it adds to society. It is so easily carried about. It costs nothing. It is the eternal and essential expression of that social instinct which is one of the happiest features of human nature. If we reflect

at all, we must value that which can add so much to the beauty and zest of life. It never occurred to Madame de Sévigné that time could be better spent than in entertaining and being entertained by one's friends. Conversation was not merely small change to be paid out hastily, to get through the time. The idea of a little group of friends in a quiet country neighborhood, with none of the robust diversions of English country life, has something of a sleepy sound, yet the pleasure of intercourse was such that every hour was fraught with a fine delight, of which the famous letters still allow us to recapture the echo. French society of the seventeenth century was remarkable for flexibility and liveliness, and a natural tone, for its clearness of intelligence and the ease and precision with which it expressed its ideas. Madame de Sévigné introduces us to a number of brilliant men and women. In her letters and the endless journals and memoirs of the day we can follow their interchange of judgments and catch their intellectual tone; and, again, the tone of French society in the seventeenth century is reminiscent of that of Italian society two centuries before. There is the same curiosity and alertness, the same eagerness to know and learn.

We English are not a race of talkers. We all know people who will golf and travel together the whole day, only exchanging a word or two at long intervals, yet who understand one another perfectly and are the best companions in the world; and no doubt, if good conversation is one of the best things of life, tiresome talk, irrelevant, persistent, empty talk, for talking's sake, can be one of the most exasperating. The talking bore is not by any means always stupid, but, on the contrary, is often very clever and bursting with information, eager to cast his pearls before us; but, as that delightful

person; Bagsbott, suggests, a diet of pearls is often extremely boring to the swine. It was Alphonse Daudet who said that what struck him most in England was the silence in the streets and in trains and omnibuses. When we think of a party of French people all talking together and screaming at the top of their voices this may not appear unmixed matter for regret. On the other hand, even French peasants, gathered in roadside inns, will display in perfection this easy source of enjoyment; will sit by the hour, men and women, chatting, listening, weighing opinions, inviting and recounting experience, and tasting a pleasure from which many richer people are quite shut out. We may almost say, indeed, that general conversation is so rare in England that many people have never heard any, and the mere idea of their voices being audible to three or four hearers at once is enough to reduce them to dumbness.

The query which must interest us most—Can the art of conversation be acquired? Can it be improved?—will, I know, send a shudder through some of my readers. Visions arise of platitudes, of glib artificiality, of studied phrases and the expression of irrational convictions—all the hollow conventionalities of talking because we “must still be speaking.” Yet, if we admit that conversation is an art, it is difficult to say why it should not be cultivated like other arts. We may argue, indeed, that the first essential of conversation is that it should appear perfectly natural and spontaneous; but if we have a taste for music or painting we do not destroy our spontaneity by study; on the contrary, it is only after study that the appearance of effort is overcome. It is one of the commonest mistakes to think that the unprepared and the untutored makes a more “natural” effect than the trained. It is the untutored speaker who is awk-

ward and artificial, the practised talker who is easy and unconventional. A cultivated, well-stored mind has, no doubt, something to do with the power of conversing. It is disconcerting to find one's companion ignorant of ordinary allusions and at sea as to contemporary politics. Many clever, well-read women cut themselves off from men's interests by neglecting a knowledge of politics, without which it is impossible to rise to any high order of intelligence in conversation. Yet it may be frankly acknowledged that the true conversationalist is born, not made, and that, while a statesman or *savant* may be heavy in hand and lack charm of expression, the half-educated woman, living in a dull country town, may be bright and vital and full of mother wit. The lame suggestions which follow are beneath the notice of those happy people who are never at a loss, who say the right thing by instinct and have a perennial stream of interesting ideas, and who are endowed with “charm,” that “open secret which nobody knows.” Yet less gifted beings must fill a place in society as best they can, and they may not despise the discussion of difficulties. Other brilliant and capable persons there are, moreover, who are not the successful conversationalists they might be because they disregard certain rules of the game.

First and foremost, if we have arrived at acknowledging that good conversation is worth while, we must grant that some effort is necessary. There are excellent thinkers who will not take the trouble to put their thoughts into words, and we have all met the person we may call the “selfish-mute,” who from mental laziness or false modesty is content to listen, without contributing. We call it ill-bred, but we mean that the well-bred talker and his ancestors have long been practising the art of giving pleasure. To be ready

to take trouble on slight occasions is one of the first secrets of success. It may safely be said that to despise your audience is the sign of a mediocre mind, and those who are so anxious not to waste their pearls have often only imitation beads to offer.

In weighing the affirmative and negative features of conversation, let us reverse the usual order of things and dwell first upon what we should *not* do. This is at once the most important and also the most reassuring to those who see danger in any deliberate attempt to plan improvement. "*La plus grande vertu de l'artiste, c'est le sacrifice.*" and it is, above all, self-restraint and self-repression that must be practised. We may set aside, as beyond the pale, talking for effect, affectation, and vulgarity—social crimes which blight and destroy; but there are other drawbacks, less heinous, but more common. "Never speak of yourself," says Pascal, "*Le moi est haïssable.*" This is over-drastring, but we may differentiate between being drawn on by real interest and when the refusal to afford any personal confidence would be ungracious, and the desire to drag in our own tastes, feelings, and doings by the neck and heels. Some people are dull and unresponsive till the talk hinges on themselves, and then brighten up and have plenty to say on the dear familiar theme. It may be taken for granted that our own preferences and prejudices are not very interesting to others, yet it is astonishing how often the fact that someone hates cheese, or loves cotton sheets, or dislikes travelling, or can't bear walking, is thought worth insisting on as if it were a sort of mark of personal distinction. The syllables "I" and "me" are apt to give an insight into character. How they can buzz and hum and fill the air and arrest the springs of thought! Those who fall a prey to their temptation are no longer sensitively alive to what is

passing. "For my part," "I always do," "I always say," "I'm the sort of person who" . . . But what do your hearers care about this oft-cited example—always the same—your own? That perpetually recurring editorship—by yourself? What do you gain by this perpetual repetition of your own ideas. As Montaigne says, "We ought still to be trying to learn something new, instead of declining upon our own stale wares."

The sagacious Pascal was well aware of the antagonism aroused in poor human nature by self-glorification. "*Vous voulez qu'on dit du bien de vous? N'en dites pas.*" "If you wish to be popular, do not be too often in the right," is Samuel Butler's pithy advice, "*Sur-tout point de conseils,*" exclaims another French critic. Again, half the heart-burnings of society are caused by trying too hard to persuade others to be of your opinion. No one seeks social intercourse in order to be crammed with information, or with the object of having his own views altered; yet, on the other hand, mental submission is to be avoided, as an acknowledgment of inferiority which is subversive of the equality necessary for pleasant companionship. The cutting short of another's sentences is to be guarded against, nor should objections or support be put forward till he has developed his idea. No one is more provoking than the "wrong-tack gusher," who volunteers sympathy before it is required, or who snaps you up and finishes your sentence with just the thing you did *not* mean to say.

"Demand no accuracy," says Professor Mahaffy, with refreshing immorality. "A consummate liar will contribute more to the pleasure of conversation than the scrupulous truth lover who questions every fact and corrects every detail. It is not always the best thing to be good and great. We may connive at inaccuracies and smile at

inventions." Most of us owe a grudge to the zealous friend who breaks in on a good story with a trifling correction, and we may well decline to express disbelief in anything told for the amusement of the company; it does not follow that we need believe. Conversation may be stimulated, but is more often given its death-blow by contradiction and such cut-and-thrust retorts as "nothing of the kind," "you are quite wrong there." One of the first points to study is how to convey a strong opinion, perhaps not even an adverse one, in an undictatorial manner. Instead of declaring that "This is beautiful" . . . or "hideous," "This appeals to me," "I don't admire that," leaves more latitude for the opinion of others. What are we to think of modes of expression implying "I do this—therefore no one can do otherwise," "I can't bear that—therefore it is absolutely worthless." "This is a masterpiece—no two opinions about it among clever people." "Only such a place is habitable," "Only such a manner of living is bearable," "Only that system of education is desirable," "Only that remedy is any good. No demurring, if you please; I have pronounced upon it. If anyone has the effrontery to differ, so much the worse for him." You may think it is making too much fuss, but if the occasion is really so insignificant, why put such vehemence into your contention? You may urge that you know you are in the right, but this is not enough; others will not admit your claim unless you can persuade them, and, however well-founded your convictions, they gain no advantage from being formulated as maxims and laid down as laws. In fine, you may discuss, but you may not dictate. You may speak with passion, but not with temper. You may talk to persuade, to convince, to refute, but you must not talk for the sake of getting the best of it. More

important than to seize an opportunity is to know when to forego an advantage, and it is always wise to refrain from pushing your adversary to the wall.

But we have not yet exhausted the quicksands that a good conversationalist will steer clear of. He must not talk too much, or be known as "such a talker," even if a good one. Never let us quote ourselves; having had the luck to make a witty retort, a telling repartee, leave it to others to recall, otherwise we may find ourselves working up to an opportunity for its repetition, to say nothing of the moral certainty that it will get repeated more than once to the same hearer. Some people can never tell a good story or saying without rubbing it in by immediate repetition, and the second laugh is never so hearty as the first. However good a subject may be, it is unwise to cling to it and work it threadbare. "*Glissez mais n'appuyez pas*" may sound superficial, but the sense of the company should be felt as to the threshing out of a topic, and if the trend of talk drifts away from that subject upon which we are so well informed and so well worth hearing, it is wise to let it go cheerfully and to throw our wits into fresh channels. Neither let us sin by that paralyzing omniscience which is determined to be *au fait* of everything before it is told. It is better to seem to know less than you really do. The hearer who knows, or seems to know, all about everything soon reduces the teller to impotence and a conviction that it is not worth while to tell anything. Nothing is more welcome than a neat, apposite quotation: nothing gets so on the hearer's nerves as the hackneyed tag which has been heard a hundred times. After all, there must be an affirmative, a positive, side to conversation. Even the art of listening is something more than silence, broken by exclamations of

"Only fancy!" It implies a sympathetic appreciation, a throwing of yourself into the speaker's point of view, and the power of drawing out his opinion and following up his clues. "Why do I enjoy so much talking to your children?" one friend asked another. "I am fond enough of other young people, but I find yours so particularly easy and suggestive." Their mother replied that it might be because from their childhood she had accustomed them to look straight into the eyes of the person they were talking to. This meant that they gave their whole attention, and to feel you are in receipt of this is the most inspiring aid to conversation. The wandering eye is a death-blow to thought. To give the whole mind, with a distinct act of mental effort if necessary, to what another is saying, to think of that more than of your own reply, not to hurry in question or answer, and to answer as well as you can, is the main secret of having plenty to talk about. It is to enter into the occupations and interests of others, to furnish them with the opportunity for talking about what they know best, and to allow them to display competence and mastery over never mind what subject. The social duty of probing for the strong points of others is inestimable, for the first and best receipt to make a man agreeable is to lead him to talk about what he likes and understands. To draw out your companion's experience you may have to show some frankness and confidence on your own part, but the turning over of a human document is always a sufficient reward to the intellectual mind. I think it is George Elliot who says "Depend upon it, we should all gain unspeakably if we could learn to see the poetry and pathos, the tragedy and comedy lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out of dull eyes and speaks in commonplace tones." But to enjoy this we must cul-

tivate an interest in those social ethics which are never trite or dull, though they may have been discussed a million times.

Most of us possess *l'esprit de l'escalier*; it is difficult to acquire intellectual quickness in producing what we know, but we are helped by intercourse; and here again, thinking of what others are saying is the surest way to produce original thought and to destroy the barrier of self-consciousness. Conversation should not be overcrowded with subjects and anecdotes. It is as bad to overcrowd a conversation as to overcrowd a room. The half, well said, is better than the whole, and leaves a pleasanter impression. A discussion of the best kind is a sort of informal council, where each member contributes to the common stock, giving his own views, or by questions drawing out the knowledge or ideas of the best informed. If two leading minds put forth their strength in controversy, others by taking sides may encourage the conflict of wit and argument. The best host and hostess will persuade everyone to speak. One of the duties of a conversationalist is to observe who are those who seem silent or "out of it," to draw them into the stream, and make them feel they are among friends anxious to know what they think and to hear what they have to say. To say of a guest that he "never uttered" is the gravest indictment that a host can bring against himself. There are guests who have the power of stimulating conversation, of making everyone feel agreeable and ready, just as there are others who exhaust the vitality of their hearers; but sometimes the most unpromising members of a party, if given confidence, will be found worth listening to.

It is all very well to recommend that conversation should be spiced with wit and humor, but this is a counsel of perfection, and such ornaments are not

to be bought in the market-place. Wit—quick flashes, prompt repartee, biting ridicule—gives a racy flavor to talk, but it has its drawbacks; a very quick, witty talker is apt to silence the rest of the company and to be admired more than he is liked. Humor—a whimsical way of looking at life, a sustained flavor, a perception half ludicrous, half pathetic—is a more pleasure-giving quality. It must not be confounded with the sarcastic and the satirical; but where it takes a broad, kindly view of foibles it is the very highest of conversational virtues. Many people can appreciate wit and humor who have not the power to originate them; but, in any case, to force either is to risk the depressing alternative of becoming facetious.

The French, endowed as they are with a gift for conversation, do not disdain to teach it. A French girl is taught to enter a room with *recueillement*. She bears in mind what inquiries should be made, what congratulations and condolences offered. On taking leave, the right messages for each absent member of the family are couched in the proper degrees of warmth, and all this is so much a matter of habit that she is not less but more at ease, and is sure of the "happy ending"; while the English girl who is untutored in such civilities mutters and mumbles and gets out of the room awkwardly. It certainly seems as if parents and teachers might encourage children in the habit of talking intelligently and sensibly and in joining in discussion. Few things contribute more to the happiness of the home, but with boys and girls silence often becomes a habit. They bicker in surly undertones or sit tongue-tied in the presence of their elders for want of a lead, or for fear of being ridiculed for mistakes or rash opinions. Instead of going out into the world with the sense that they have to do their share and to help to

add to the general enjoyment, they are afraid of the sound of their own voices, and have the taciturnity of the young "miss" to whom a Frenchman tried to talk across the table, with such ill-success that he at last exclaimed in despair, "*Mais, mademoiselle, risquez donc quelque chose.*" Without becoming little prigs, boys and girls might be taught to speak accurately and to express themselves clearly. How often we hear such a phrase as "Oh, I know someone says something about that. I can't recollect exactly what it was, and I've quite forgotten who said it, but I know it was very good and very much to the point." There is no harm in our conversationalist thinking beforehand of subjects to be alluded to or avoided, as a master of the ceremonies might do before going into an assembly, or of questions likely to interest, or of agreeable things to say, as long as they can be said with sincerity (even flattery to be successful must be founded on truth.) Those who have no natural facility may consider some way of opening the ball, merely as a starting-point. The time-honored prelude of the weather may be allowed, but only when no other prelude suggests itself.

And what are we to talk about? The very essence of good conversation is to wander through all possible things in heaven and earth and under the earth. The value of gossip is not to be ignored. The trivial and the passing have their place in agreeable talk. The great amusement of life to some people is to chatter about other people, and they may do so very pleasantly; but the power of turning from people to fix upon things means talk of a higher stamp. It is always better to talk of what you know and think than of what you have heard or read. It leads further. Men are more apt to talk from their memories than from their understanding, and to throw bor-

rowed and often hackneyed and conventional ideas about like balls, never noticing that the same are always thrown back. There is a certain sort of society—one, too, which pretends to culture—in which you soon know what is thought about politics, plays, and all the rest, and in which it is only necessary to change the names from time to time and go on without any thinking.

The difference between conversation and mere talk seems, then, to reside less in what is said than in how it is

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said. In order to talk really well we must learn to think. Any subject may be material good enough if it is treated with thought, and if our thoughts about it are expressed with lucidity and with due consideration for the thoughts of others. Then we may agree that Emerson hardly exaggerates when he maintains that "Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us—a cup for gods, which has no repentance."

Evelyn March Philipps.

THE MAJOR AND THE MEMBER.

The Major and the subaltern sat beside a little fire of wood. The flame ebbing and flowing made their spurs sparkle, and alternately lit and shadowed their faces; overhead a million millions of stars shone frostily down, while a young moon was sinking in the West. A hundred horses, picketed in double line, were eating with a comfortable sound of mastication the piles of dried grass that lay before them; and behind them lay the saddles in orderly row, with the lances stuck in the ground and standing out dimly and slimly against the starlight.

Men stood in groups beside half-a-dozen fires, warming brown hands and extending cold booted feet to the blaze. Two goats hung from a tree and were being dressed by self-appointed butchers, whose knives glittered in the firelight. Near by a man was blowing the embers which glowed in the scooped-out fireplace beneath a huge gridiron, while a couple more were manipulating into flat unleavened cakes great lumps of heavy dough, and placing them in turn upon the grid.

The Major stirred the fire with the toe of his boot, and the resulting flare

lit up his face and that of his companion.

"I bet anything," said the Major, "that some of these agitating fellows have been getting at this village. I have never known the people make trouble before about finding supplies for a regiment, let alone a squadron. They are uncommonly glad as a rule to get a little ready money, poor devils."

"I was here myself last spring," said the other, "and they brought a great deal more than we wanted, and were very civil indeed. The head man was rather a decent old boy, but he seems to have gone now. I wonder what's the matter with them?"

"Some one has been getting at them, I bet anything. The new head man was downright insolent, and I shall report him. Mind you don't lose those receipts for the payments; I expect he will say we did not pay for what we had."

The challenge of a sentry interrupted them.

"*Haltoocumdar*" — which means "Halt! Who comes there?"

"What do you want?" replied an angry voice; "where's your officer?"

"Hullo, who's that?" exclaimed the Major. "Go and see who it is, Charles, and ask him to come to dinner."

He glanced at the hanging goats as he spoke, and saw that dismemberment was now in progress.

"Pity we did not bring something from the mess after all," replied the subaltern, as he walked off in the direction of the sentry.

Turning the corner of the horse-lines he hurried towards a group that was gathered near the "guard." A loud and angry English voice broke again on his astonished ear, and as he ran forward he caught fragments of heated talk.

"What do you mean by stopping me? I want to speak to the Officer . . . What? I don't understand your language. Why don't you speak English? You are a Sergeant, aren't you, with all those stripes on your arm? Eh?"

The Sikh non-commissioned Officer of the Guard who had come to the sentry's assistance was as much nonplussed as the Englishman, and he turned with relief to the Subaltern.

"This Sahib wishes to see you," he said in Hindustani; "I do not understand what he says, but he says continually, 'Afsar, Afsar.'"

The stranger surveyed the Subaltern with disgust; he had understood that there was a British officer in the camp, and before him stood a turbaned person whom in the darkness he took to be another native.

"I hope to goodness you understand English?" he said, rather crossly. "I want to see your officer. This infernal sentry-chap will not let me pass."

"Quite right, too," answered the subaltern. "That's what he is there for, to stop unauthorized strangers, you know. Who are you? And what can I do for you?"

"I have just told you that I want your officer. Please call him."

"Well," replied the subaltern, "I am an officer myself, if it comes to that. But my Major is over there."

"You an officer?" ejaculated the stranger in surprise; "why I thought you were another native."

"Very likely," said the other indifferently; "probably it's my hat makes you think that. But you had better come over and see the Major; he is over there."

He nodded rather vaguely across the darkness.

"Over where?" asked the other. "Perhaps you had better ask him to come to me here."

The subaltern gazed at him in surprise. Dimly lighted by the non-commissioned officer's lantern, a small man with a blue jowl stood before him; he wore a large solar topee, and the expression of his face so far as it could be seen beneath this big hat was far from amiable.

"Oh, no, certainly not," said the subaltern, in reply to this last remark; "the Major has had a pretty long day already. If you want to see him you will have to come with me. And if you will excuse me for saying so, you had better talk politely to him, for the Major's rather a stiff chap when he is sick."

"Do you mean that he is ill? Nothing infectious, is it?"

"Oh, dear no; I meant that he gets stuffy when he loses his shirt."

"Look here, young man," said the stranger rudely, "you seem to be having a joke with me. First you say your officer is ill; then you tell me that he has lost his underclothing. Now that won't do; I have taken the trouble to come here on a matter of importance, and I am not to be put off with that kind of talk."

The subaltern looked at him in astonishment; he was feeling very much annoyed, for he, too, had had a long day and he was hungry as well as

tired. But he curbed the rough speech that rose to his lips.

"I have told you as plainly as I can," he said with labored patience, "that the Major gets angry when he's annoyed. And if you talk to him as you have talked to me he certainly will be annoyed."

A distant shout from the Major reached their ears.

"What are you jawing about over there, Charles? Bring the chap along with you."

The subaltern turned on his heel.

"Come on," he said with as much politeness as he could muster.

The oddly-assorted pair made their way back to the officers' fire; the Major rose as they approached.

"Good evening," he said; "I'm afraid we can't offer you much hospitality; but dinner, such as it is, will be here pretty soon, I expect."

"Thanks, I have dined," said the stranger shortly. "May I ask if you are officer in command here?"

"Yes, I am. And this is Mr. Lambert, of my regiment. My name is Matheson."

"I," said the stranger, pausing on the word as if to lend emphasis to what was to follow it, "am called Luxford, Member of Parliament for the Shortwich Division."

"Ah, indeed," said the Major. "Very glad to meet you. Won't you sit down. I am afraid there isn't a chair, but here is some straw."

"I will not sit down, thanks," said Mr. Luxford. "I am stopping the night at the rest-house in the village, and a complaint has been made to me about the manner in which you have extorted supplies for your party from the villagers."

"Well?" said the Major. The subaltern smiled to himself, for he recognized the tone of the Major's voice.

"The headman of the village came to me, bringing the local schoolmaster

to act as interpreter, and he told me that you had demanded and actually forced him to provide flour and meat, and corn and hay. I wish to know what explanation you have to offer."

The Major sat down on a bundle of straw and again stirred the fire with his boot.

"Charles," he said, "you had better remove this chap and put him out of camp. I don't like to do it myself, or I should kick him from here to the village."

The subaltern, fatigue falling from him like a cast cloak, advanced smiling.

"You silly ass," he said, "I told you that you had better be civil. Come along."

The stranger was furious.

"If you lay a finger on me I will prosecute you for assault," he said.

"Oh, cheese it," answered the subaltern, laying a heavy hand upon him.

"Wait a bit, Charles," said the Major.

"Look here, Mr. Luxford, I don't know much about the law, but I rather fancy that you have laid yourself open to a summons for using language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. I think that is what it's called."

"And as it happens," said the subaltern, "I particularly warned you to mind your manners. If you go on like this, you will never get back to the House of Commons."

Mr. Luxford modified his manner somewhat.

"There is no use in our losing our tempers," he said, with an effort; "I should like to talk this matter out with you. I feel that it is my duty to see it through, as a simple matter of justice to the natives. I am sorry if I was rude."

"Well," said the Major in mollified tones, "you will perhaps excuse me for saying that you were rude, very rude indeed. If you take that tone again I shall have to leave you to the tender mercies of Charles—of Mr. Lambert."

The Major smiled; so did Mr. Lambert.

"And," continued the former, "I had better tell you at once that you must not try to come between me and these villagers. If you think that I have maltreated them, your course is to report me to the Deputy Commissioner of the district; his name is Jeffreys, and he lives at Malpur. But don't, please, take that tone again with me. Mr. Lambert will tell you that I have a perfectly beastly temper—haven't I, Charles?"

"It is pretty thick at times, Major. But he hardly ever swears."

The latter somewhat irrelevant sentence was addressed to Mr. Luxford, who wore the air of one who is a prey to astonishment.

"Of course," said the Major, "being an M. P.—you did say M. P., didn't you?—you are a stranger to the country, and so can hardly be expected to know much about things out here."

"I am hardly a stranger to India," broke in the M. P., "for I have been out here for four months."

He spoke as one who had said the last word, and the subaltern smiled.

"That is not a very great deal of time," the Major replied. "But it is nearly enough to teach you that things are not always what they seem or are said to be in India. But never mind; you must really not interfere in my business, or at least if you wish to do so, you must do it via the Deputy Commissioner. Charles, write down the D. C.'s name and address and give it to Mr. Luxford."

The subaltern extracted a ponderous army pocket-book from his haversack, and making an entry tore out the leaf and handed it to Mr. Luxford. The latter held it so that the fire-light fell upon it and read what was written.

"Thanks," he said, "that is quite clear. I am afraid I shall have to report the matter. I need hardly say,

Major, that I had sifted it thoroughly before I came to you about it and—"

"Oh, all right," answered the Major. "Please don't say any more about it. Write to Jeffreys. I don't know him myself, so he will be quite unbiassed. And now that that is settled, won't you have a drink?"

"Thanks, I am an abstainer," Luxford replied.

"That's all right," said the subaltern; "we are on the tack, too, for the next few days. But we can give you some hot milk, I expect—goat's milk, if you don't mind that."

"What is it like?" asked Mr. Luxford.

He was rather cold, and the prospect of hot milk was alluring; but he jibbed slightly at the idea of its source.

"Oh, it's all right; especially if you put some sugar in it to take off the taste."

At this moment three soldiers approached, bearing food.

The foremost carried with great care two chupatties, one in each hand, upon which were piled small heaps of meat. Untempting meat, Mr. Luxford thought. The second man bore a quantity of chupatties, and the third an earthen jar full of hot milk.

"Here is food, Sahib," said the first man. "We have brought goat-brains and chupatties. It is not like the food of the officers' mess, but be pleased to eat it."

He and his companions beamed upon the officers as hosts smile upon their guests, and noticing Mr. Luxford, one asked if the other Sahib would like food also. The Major said that the Sahib had already eaten and dismissed the food-bearers with polite thanks. They saluted and vanished in the darkness.

The subaltern produced a couple of tin tumblers, and filling one with the milk gave it to Luxford.

"It probably is sweetened already,"

he said, and considerably forbore to add that a soldier had very likely stirred in the sugar with his forefinger.

"Excuse our eating," said the Major; "we have had very little since breakfast, and we are pretty hungry. At least I am, and I suppose you are, too, Charles?"

"Deuce of a twist," said the latter, as he fell upon the goat's brains and leathery chupatti.

Luxford watched them eating in astonishment. He would never have believed that officers of the British Army could consent to devour goat's brains at any time, still less when served in such an untempting fashion. Being himself full-fed he was inclined to be disgusted.

"By gad," said the subaltern with his mouth full, "I am mighty hungry."

"This milk is really delicious," said Luxford, cherishing the tin tumbler in both hands. "I had no idea that goat's milk was so good."

"Depends how much you want it," said the subaltern with laconic indistinctness.

"Well, I certainly was wanting it very much," answered Luxford.

"I am very glad that we could do that much for you," said the Major, whose sense of hospitality had now overcome his wrath. "But really, of course, you are making yourself *particeps criminis* in our extortions. But never mind; I'll not mention that to the Deputy Commissioner. Have some more, do."

Luxford hesitated, but the spirit was stronger than the flesh, and he declined with many thanks.

"I must be going," he said; "I suppose you won't both come and breakfast with me to-morrow, will you, at the rest-house?"

"Thanks very much; we should like to," said the Major; "that is, if you will give it us pretty early. We ought to march at 8 o'clock."

The time was agreed upon, and the two officers escorted Luxford from camp and put him on the track to the village. After leaving them he was nearly ridden down by a camel-orderly, whose mount emerged from the darkness with the lurching, silent, suddenness characteristic of the beast. The camel-orderly had come from cantonments and had brought, amongst other correspondence, the English mail for the officers. Taking their letters they began to read them by the light of the fire, newly stoked for the purpose.

"By George if that isn't a funny thing," said the Major presently.

"What?" asked the subaltern, looking up from a letter which, judging by his seraphic smile, must have been written by some feminine charmer overseas.

"Talk about coincidences," said the Major.

"What about 'em?"

"Why, here's a letter from a friend of mine at home, mentioning a globe-trotting M. P. called Luxford—that was the chap's name, wasn't it?—and asking me to be kind to him—says he is somewhere in our part of India."

"That's a darned rum start. Well, you have been kind to him, Major; at least I have. It was my glass the little beast drank out of. Still, it licks cock-fighting all the same."

"This is what he says: 'If you meet a travelling M. P. called Luxford, you might do what you can for him. He is rather an ass, but not at all a bad fellow when you get to know him. He has gone out to learn something about India and means to stay out for six months. The last time I heard from him he said he was going somewhere near where you are. He is a Radical and is great on the woes and injustices from which India suffers, but please be kind to him if you possibly can.'"

"Little beast," ejaculated the subaltern.

"Upon my word," said the Major, "when I come to think of it I really am surprised at my own forbearance. I didn't think I had it in me. However, perhaps it is just as well. Anyway, you won't have to eat cold goat at breakfast to-morrow, Charles."

After which they rolled themselves in their blankets, snuggled down in their straw, and fell fast asleep.

Next morning Mr. Luxford received his guests in the living-room of the Public Works Department Rest-House. He evidently believed in travelling comfortably, for a quantity of baggage strewed the room and the table was covered with a fair white cloth upon which, looking absurdly out of place to the two soldiers, the silver gleamed in the bright morning sun.

The host was at first a little constrained in manner, reflecting probably upon the brutalities of his two guests and upon their somewhat cavalier treatment of himself on the previous evening. But memory of hot goat's milk forbade rancor, and he was as cordial as he knew how to be in his greetings. When the Major told him of the letter that he had received, Luxford's surprise was equalled only by his pleasure, and the clouds of their previous interview were soon swept away, so that the traveller felt quite guilty when he thought of the slip of paper which reposed in his pocket, and upon which were inscribed the name and address of the Deputy Commissioner. He intended fully to use this slip of paper, and to forward a report as soon as possible.

It was the Major who referred to the subject of their previous unpleasantness, and he did so over a really surprisingly excellent meal.

"Now that I know who you are, Mr. Luxford," he said, "I don't mind talk-

ing to you on the subject about which you came to see me last night."

"I shall be delighted to discuss it with you, Major," answered the other.

"Well," replied the Major, "I own I was annoyed with you last night. You know you were a total stranger to me, and I considered your interference was an impert—was unwarranted. However, I shall be very glad if you will let me know what you have to say."

The Major's tone was more cordial than his words, but Luxford nevertheless had the feeling that he it was, and not the Major, who was in the position of defendant. The subaltern's contribution to the conversation was confined to an amused smile.

"Well, you know," said Luxford, "I am on my way from Buchapur to the house of a native friend of mine, a lawyer who has a place at Hansgunge. Soon after I got here the head man came and complained about you, as I told you. I tell you quite candidly, Major, that I thought it very wrong indeed that an Englishman at the head of a body of soldiery should forcibly, or at all events by threats, extort from these poor villagers supplies which they can hardly afford to part with."

The subaltern cackled with laughter, and the Major frowned at him.

"I beg your pardon; I'm awfully sorry," said the former to Luxford.

"Is your lawyer-friend called Mulraj?" asked the Major.

"That's the very man; do you know him?"

"I don't know him, but I know of him," said the Major; "I suppose he knew you were halting here?"

"Oh, yes; his brother was waiting for me when I got here, but he went off directly after."

"Well, you really must report me to the Deputy Commissioner," rejoined the Major, "and in the meantime you shall hear my version. But even if you agree with it, which you probably

will not do, you must report me just the same in order to see whether the Deputy Commissioner takes my view or not. I expect you will find that he will do so. However, your friend Mulraj is a seditious rascal."

"Oh, not seditious; he seeks for a liberated India, but he is anything but seditious."

"Call him what you like, he is exceedingly hostile to the Government, and a brother of his—I don't know whether it is the one you saw yesterday—has been in prison for sedition. Mulraj himself was pretty strongly suspected, but he got off somehow. But his one idea is to do anything possible to get the Government disliked, and if you will allow me to say so, a travelling M. P., Labor for choice and Radical for next best, is just the sort of man he and his sort like to get hold of. He is going to fill you up with all sorts of lies, and I am afraid you will believe most of them."

Mr. Luxford bridled, but the Major continued.

"His brother doubtless saw us march in, and being a cute lad he got hold of the headman and told him to refuse us supplies, with further instructions to complain to you afterwards. Of course you know that an M. P. is considered by all natives to be of immense importance. As a matter of fact, we brought a lot of our supplies with us, but we had to supplement here, and Mulraj's brother and the headman knew very well that one method of bringing Government into contempt is to refuse to help troops. Further, if they can make a complaint that supplies were extorted by force there is another point in their favor. They knew pretty well that the Deputy Commissioner will not believe for a moment that I used force to get what I wanted, but they did expect that you would believe it, and that you would kick up a row. Not that you could

effect much out here. Still, if when you got home you could say something in the House about the brutality of soldiers and the callous indifference of civilian officials, why it would look mighty well from their point of view. Do you see?"

Luxford nodded with polite acquiescence.

"Now I was not going to be sat on," continued the Major, "by any insolent headman, nor let him brag that he got the better of some Sahibs. That sort of thing does not do at all. And as it happens I know that this village can always find a certain amount of supplies, for we have been here before. Moreover, the village people are uncommonly glad to sell them and to make a little ready money. Ready money is pretty scarce with them, I can tell you. So I told the headman that if he did not find what I wanted within half an hour it would be the worse for him. The supplies were brought in twenty-five minutes, and were paid for on the nail. Perhaps your friend the headman said that they had not been paid for?"

"No, he did not say that," answered Luxford; "but he did say that you had not paid the proper amount."

"Well, you must put that in your report, too," said the Major, "for they were paid for by the authorized schedule of prices current. But I am afraid that it is the headman who will get into trouble, not I. May I have another kidney?"

Mr. Luxford helped him with a cordial hand.

"And now," said the Major, smiling, "I am going to carry the war into the enemy's country. It was the kidneys that reminded me. May I ask if you carry all your supplies with you; I mean your meat and that kind of thing?"

"Oh, no," replied Luxford; "surely meat would not keep, would it? Am-

tonio, my servant, always manages it for me."

"Well," said the Major, "you must forgive me for criticising this excellent breakfast that you have given us. These kidneys now: how many kidneys are there to a sheep, or to a goat?"

Luxford replied to this indelicate question that he thought each animal was endowed with two.

"In that case," said the Major, "these kidneys must have been the product of four sheep or goats. Probably goats. But the chops, they are certainly mutton—not goat."

"Oh, I hope so," said Luxford, devoutly.

"Certainly they are mutton, and well-fed mutton, too. Did you happen to see a butcher's shop in the village?"

"No, I did not notice one," answered Luxford, wondering to what these questions tended.

"It would be funny if you had, for there is not one. Small villages like this do not as a rule have a butcher; the people are too poor to eat meat, and, moreover, you never see a flock of sheep, only goats."

"What about the quails?" put in the subaltern, who was at that moment scrunching the leg of one. "There are practically no quail about here, but you have managed to raise a dozen. It is jolly good of you, of course."

"All this is dreadfully rude," said the Major apologetically; "but I want to do something still worse. I want to ask your servant how he managed to get all this. Will you allow me to do so?"

"Certainly," said Luxford. "Antonio! Antonio! come here."

"Yes, sar," cried a voice; and there entered a black-faced Goanese "boy," who described himself as a Portuguese, and like all his kind spoke English.

"Antonio," said the Major, "did the people of the village make any diffi-

culty about providing what your Sahib wanted?"

"Oh, no, sar! They very willing. I tell them master very great man, master Member of Parliament, and make bobbery if he did not get all he want."

"But how did you get all those kidneys?"

"I make head man take goats, but I pay only for kidneys, not for all goats. People are angree, but I say master very great man."

"But the mutton, Antonio—how did you get that? There are no sheep here, are there?"

"Yes, sar, there was one big sheep here. A dumba, what you call fat-tailed sheep. I say master like chops of fat-tailed sheep. The man say he is pet sheep and love him much. but I tell him not to be dam fool or master make trouble."

The subaltern's smile was growing wider and wider.

"And what about the quails?"

"They fighting quails, sar," said Antonio simply. "Many people here keep fighting quails; like cock-fight, sar. Master love quails, so I take one quail from twelve men. They very angree and give abuse, but I say master send policeman if he not get them. Then they give quails gladlee, sar."

Mr. Luxford glared speechlessly at his capable attendant.

"Really," said the Major mercilessly. "I think you are worse than us. The intimidation that you have used has been most reprehensible, Mr. Luxford."

"But, my dear Major," gasped the injured gentleman; "how was I to know what that rascal was doing?"

"Surely you are responsible for the actions of your servant. I consider it a gross scandal that you did not bother yourself to enquire into his methods. Just think of it. Four goats slaughtered to provide kidneys for your breakfast table, and only the kidneys, not

the whole goats, paid for. Twelve honest men robbed each of a precious fighting quail, and probably paid a penny or twopence for a bird worth several rupees. And, worst of all, a poor fellow deprived of his one fat-tailed ewe lamb, the joy of his household, that you may eat chops. It is terrible."

"And you a bally M. P.," said the subaltern. "I shall write to *Truth*."

"I don't want to rub it in," said the Major; "you did it largely for our sakes, and we thank you."

He laughed, and even Mr. Luxford smiled ruefully.

"It certainly is pretty dreadful—I suppose that is what has happened
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whenever I have travelled in country districts."

"Certainly," said the Major. "But we must be off. We are late already, and that is another crime to be set down to your account. You must come and stay with us at Thandanagar—we shall be back there in a week. You will come, won't you?"

"Yes, rather," said the Subaltern; "you must come. We will tell the fellows in Mess about you, and they'll give you a top-hole time."

Mr. Luxford gasped a little.

"Can I dare come?" he said in a faint voice.

"Of course you can," said the Major and the subaltern together.

Scoto-Indian.

THE THEOLOGICAL REVOLUTION AND THE AVERAGE MAN.

A preliminary explanation is a tedious affair, but of two evils the worse is to read an article which does not make clear its terms; and a brief demand must be made on the reader's patience, to say what is understood here by "the average man." The term is a generalization, and a generalization is a statement rather more true than false. Any conclusion drawn from it is necessarily a majority truth only. Hence, if the judgment of another observer should not coincide in all points, it need not be denied, but, from the standpoint adopted, would appear to belong to the minority report. The same indulgence can therefore be craved for one's own conclusions, which are given here as suggestions and opinions, rather than as dogmatic matter of fact. At the same time, they have not been formulated without direct inquiry, observation, and conversation amongst those who seemed to afford the best material for an estimate of the views of the indi-

vidual represented by this somewhat trite expression.

The term, as used here, is intended definitely to exclude any cultivated acquaintance with theology, both that of the man who makes it a hobby, and that of the controversialist who may know more theology for the purpose of rejecting it than thousands do who implicitly accept it. The average man, rather than these, however, forms the bulk of the modern congregation. He is a middle or lower middle-class Englishman, of fair education, who, by training or personal inclination, or both, is connected with organized religion. He is sufficiently attached to be a seatholder in, and sometimes a member of, a church, and attends worship habitually, if not with a rigid regularity. He tacitly acquiesces in the doctrinal system of his church, though probably, if questioned, would frankly disclaim much acquaintance with it. As a rule he is not a strong denominationalist, and not infrequently

for convenience or preference, will transfer his attachment from one church to another. His beliefs, though loosely organized, are his own, tintured, but never wholly controlled, by the church with which he is associated, and to his credit be it said, are usually sincere and marked by his native common-sense. Such is "the average man," as he exists in his hundreds of thousands in present-day Protestant Churches, and the effects that doctrinal changes and the critical standpoint of the time are producing in him ought very carefully to be considered. It is he who matters most. What "the man in the street" is to the nation, he is to the Church, representing the main body of its strength and influence.

We have reached a time when it should be possible at least to begin to estimate the principal results of the theological change that has been in active process for some fifty years. Whilst those who have been unmindful of former doctrinal revolutions in Church history, may at times speak of the modern upheaval in terms too readily superlative, it must be granted that no such important changes have ever before taken place in a period comparatively so short as fifty years. One significant fact marks the general character of the present change, and distinguishes it from almost all its predecessors. It has witnessed few if any authorized doctrinal re-statements by the Church. In the past, the normal issue of a period of doctrinal ferment was a General Council or special assembly, which embodied the permanent and accepted results in a new or revised creed or article. The modern churches have shown no particular inclination to listen to the appeals that have been made for a fresh statement of doctrine, and few perhaps think the time ripe for any such attempt. Yet the churches have not

been, and indeed could not be, impassive and impervious to the new order of things. The change has come, but its characteristic has been that it has taken place in the individual and general standpoint from which the creeds are regarded rather than in the creeds themselves. No church as a whole, and surely few church members, can regard the standards of doctrine to-day as they were regarded a generation ago. Their letter remains unaltered, but their interpretation and sanction are very differently conceived.

One result is a spirit of greater tolerance. The sport of heresy-hunting is almost as dead as bear-baiting. It is true that the so-called New Theology was received with hostility, and has proved itself abortive, but its failure was not the result of a revival of bigotry. It failed because it was a premature attempt to precipitate matters, and replace at once one doctrinal standpoint by another, hastily thought out and indifferently expressed. Many who opposed the New Theology had long since parted with the dogmatic interpretation of the Old Theology, but having been chastised with whips, were in no mood to be chastised with scorpions.

At the present time those who best understand the import of the changed position of the day are beginning to feel firmer ground under their feet. It would be strange to find now anyone who could agonize with Robert Elsmere. The old doctrinal bands have loosened, but there has also been a revived confidence in the grounds of personal religious assurance. The older creeds stand, and they will not be pulled down; but gradually they are being freshly understood, and perhaps they will not be found ultimately incompatible with an expression of religious experience in harmony with modern beliefs, ideals, and knowledge. It must not be forgotten that the

great creeds of Christendom are not merely embodiments of religious thought, but of religious feeling also, and the latter factor does not change. It is only in part—in the former part—that fresh accommodation is needed. The bulk of the ministry of the churches have accepted the main positions of modern criticism. Yet increasingly it is proved possible to continue undisturbed the practical and experimental work of Christianity, neither wishing to reject the new wine nor to thrust it into old bottles. It is generally realized that the period is one of transition, but the great majority of the clergy are content to continue in the practical manner of the shopkeeper who posts the sign, "Business carried on as usual during alterations," believing that the alterations when complete will result in a more effective opportunity for the conduct of the work of the abiding Temple of God. Indeed, so far as those are concerned who are most closely in touch with, and best informed regarding, the new position of doctrine, it may be said that there is no acute problem. The difficulties that forced many honorable men to resign their charges have been dissolved by fresh light and understanding, and can hardly reappear.

But what of "the average man"? It is in his case that the crux of the question arises. In his own way he has been susceptible to the change, but how far has he been able to accommodate himself to it? His views have altered. None can doubt that. The old "hell-fire" preaching is not preached to him now, but he would not tolerate it if it were. Once it appeared sound doctrine, and not so long since as one imagines. More important is the change that has taken place in his mind regarding the authenticity of the Old Testament narrative. Though unacquainted with the ways of the critic, and as undisturbed by the Wellhausen-

Graf hypothesis as by the differential calculus, he has none the less ceased to look upon the Old Testament as infallible historical truth. Very little detail is known. It is an exception to find, even amongst well-educated people, much knowledge of such commonplaces of criticism as the composite authorship of the Pentateuch, but the general result of the critical view has none the less made itself noticeably felt. The modern preacher can assume, without misunderstanding or interruption, things which thirty years ago his predecessor would have been dispossessed for hinting. The summary view of inspiration has been discarded from the pew, and the miraculous, though not generally rejected, is received with a distinct measure of caution.

As regards the New Testament, however, it will be found that a considerably more conservative attitude is maintained, especially so far as the person and work of Christ are concerned. Whilst a sermon upon "The Bible and Modern Criticism," frankly though not provocatively set forth, is likely to be received, by a town congregation at least, with nothing but interest, any statement that seems to be indicative of a weakened conception of the divinity and authority of our Lord almost invariably evokes resentment, not merely among the officials and workers of the Church, but amongst the general congregation. In a London ministry of eight years, I have met with only three protests regarding the doctrine of preachers who have visited my church. One bluffly denied the Virgin birth, another interpreted the cry "Eloi, Eloi!" as a lapse of faith on the part of the Divine Sufferer, whilst another uttered the somewhat unguarded statement—that probably was not meant to convey the interpretation it received—that "Christ came to earth to perfect Himself that

He might sit at the right hand of the Father." In each case several protests, firmly but not intolerantly expressed, were forwarded to me. It would seem that upon this subject the average man has little sympathy with advanced criticism, and his sensitiveness can surely not be entirely wrong.

It is not necessary to multiply examples of either the extent or the limits of the critical sympathies of the average man. The main question concerns the general result of fifty years of Biblical criticism and doctrinal change upon his religious life and opinions. It must be recognized that if he has comprehended little of its details, he has absorbed much of its significance. He cannot be unaffected by the atmosphere of the times, by what he reads and by what he hears. He understands that the Bible is not regarded to-day in the way in which he was taught to regard it in his childhood. The ban which once forbade as sacrilegious anything but a literal interpretation and absolute acceptance has broken. He maintains that confidence in and respect for private judgment which is the inbred inheritance of generations of Protestantism. Formerly the Bible stood as the strict custodian of the individual conscience, and the final arbiter between rival interpretations of different judgments; now it does not do so, to anything like the same extent. Here, it would seem, lies the essence of the present difficulty. Individual conscience and private judgment have always had the staff of Scriptural authority upon which to lean, and the letter of Scriptural law to which to appeal. Now the authority no longer serves the same purpose.

It has already been said that there exists very little difficulty in the minds of those who best understand the position, but the average man stands to-day where they stood some years ago.

His difficulty is beginning, and he must be helped to find a solution that will meet his case, in the same way in which his teachers have found at least a temporary resting place. He has not lost his faith, neither will he lose it; but he is rapidly losing the old basis of that faith, and has not yet found another.

The modern Church must not and dare not neglect this undoubted loss of the sense of authority in religion. Protestantism showed a sound psychological sense when, in overthrowing the authority of the Church, it set up in its stead the authority of the Bible. Darwin remarked that a cat eats slowly and a dog rapidly, because centuries of domestication do not eradicate the habits of a solitary animal, which can consume its food at leisure, and a gregarious animal, which, living and hunting in packs, finds that to eat fastest is to get most. Man's instincts are not less permanent, and as a social being his ever-growing passion for freedom does not eradicate his craving for authority. The revolt against authority never goes beyond the surface; beneath, it is always one of the desires of man's nature, and that desire has its place in the religious life as fully as in any other part of man's being.

It is, of course, true, that criticism of the letter of Scripture has enhanced and not impaired the profit of the spirit; and since spiritual values are conserved, there are many who will say that dogmatism is well lost. For certain types of character this may well be, but, rightly or wrongly, the religious nature of a very large number demands some definite—some dogmatic, if you prefer to say so—standard and authority. In the past the Bible stood as an absolute and external authority, literally interpreted. It is useless to imagine that this can ever be so again. The Bible is still a spiritual

authority, and it always will be, but not in the sense in which it has been. Can Protestantism teach her children the new centre of authority in religion, or is the old manner of authority to be allowed to decay and nothing to be done to replace it? It is true that the infallible standards of the Roman Church appear to-day rather a source of weakness than of strength, but there is strength, and much strength in them. Their dogmatism has served a religious purpose for many centuries, and the Modernist movement wisely recognizes that what is necessary is not to break down authority, but to reconstitute it. The true inwardness of the Modernist movement is not revolt but renewal. It seeks to strengthen the Church by no longer allowing its dictates to conflict with the common sense and common knowledge of the times. The weakness of the present position in the Protestant Churches lies largely in this, that the people have lost, or at least are speedily losing, the old regulative character of Scripture and dogma, and that the place of authority is being left vacant. There is on every hand an indeterminism, a restlessness, the dispiritedness of an army without a standard or a party without a war-cry. Sooner or later the Protestant Churches must face the problem of definitely restoring to the bulk of the people the rapidly waning sense of certainty and authority in religion. The impermanence of the belief and practice of the present day cannot continue. Schweitzer has tried to prove that the teaching of Jesus was an *interimsethik* till the Parousia, which He fervently anticipated, should be manifested. Schweitzer's word is more impressive than his theory, and one readily sees the appropriateness of the term as applied to the present position. The beliefs of the average man to-day are an *interimsethik*, and because they serve temporarily, it is not

realized that they will not serve continuously. No one desires to precipitate matters, but a settlement will have to be effected, and it is somewhat disquieting to find so little realization of its necessity, and so few constructive attempts to meet the needs of the situation.

It is to be feared that many of the clergy do not fully appreciate the present condition of affairs. They find a few in their congregations who avow a passionate, if not very well-informed adherence to "the old doctrine." Others are critically inclined, and toy with "a liberal theology." The great majority are apparently unmindful, and prefer practical and uncontroversial preaching. The pulpit accordingly avoids the difficult task, and eschews the danger zone. After all, who can resist the seduction of peace with popularity? Hence it is often said, "The people do not want apologetics, and are untroubled by theological controversy." It is true that the Englishman, a practical being, prefers the practical in the pulpit. None the less, in his reading and thinking he cannot shut out the spirit of the times. Indeed, the average man is far more interested in modern theology than his preceptors often imagine. A sermon upon a theological topic that avoids pedantry and the use of technical terms is invariably appreciated by him. He will, in his own way, discuss theology with his friends as keenly as he will debate politics. In all this he is not and cannot be blind to the new outlook. If his ministers would more often touch on these matters in their visits to him, instead of the parochial and general topics usually in vogue on such occasions, they would ascertain much more of the actual state of affairs. The old-fashioned spiritual director made it a practice formally to inquire into the soul of each member of the household. If his modern successor will

inquire informally as to the opinions of his people, he will find that matters have gone much further than is commonly realized. The average man may be more reticent concerning his opinions in clerical company, for fear of being betrayed into some blunder, but it is not difficult to gather that, in different degrees, he has drifted with the new current from the old moorings. It is a disquieting sign of the scant help he has received from his spiritual leaders, to find cases where he assumes that they still hold *de fide* to the literalism he has discarded, and that they are pledged to maintain a six-days' creation, and the zoology of Noah's Ark. That this opinion can still be found shows that the modern preacher has not always been sufficiently candid with his people. Inevitably there must follow a lessening of the influence he can exercise upon them, especially among the younger people. Their ears are deaf to the man whose intellectual abilities they are not able to respect.

The truth would seem to be that, in a laudable desire to help and not hinder faith, to cultivate character, not to raise doubts, the Church has maintained a policy of avoidance, but has maintained it too long. Like the parent who, in view of the difficulties involved, allows his child to "find out things for himself," and then is pained and astonished to discover how much the child has learned, and how undesirably, the Church has continued to presume a state of innocence in the mind of the average man regarding theological changes and their import which no longer exists. The result is that he has been left to gain his own knowledge, and has gained it in impressions that are often incorrect, and in a manner which is destructive of the sympathetic and confidential relation that should exist between him and his church and ministry. The conse-

quences affect not merely the opinion, but the spiritual life of the people. There is no belief that does not bear upon conduct. The sense of obligation has declined. The tendency to neglect public worship, the vague sentiment that it does not matter what anyone believes, may not wholly be caused by the change in doctrinal matters; but they are none the less directly connected with it, and the connection is closer than is commonly believed. The average man, moreover, does not separate his ethics from his religion in the manner of certain of the philosophers, and a loss of the sanctions of religion must involve for him some weakening of ethical obligation. The question calls for more serious treatment than it is receiving. Is it not time that a definite attempt were made to renew the sanctions and ground of certainty of religion? If that is so, where may one look for the initiative of a fresh positive movement?

One turns to the critics. No one regrets what they have done. It was necessary, and, in its main principles, it will stand. The removal of the old grounds is complete. Should they not endeavor now, if they have come not to destroy but to fulfil, to supplement what they have done with some more constructive work. Have we not had sufficient of purely literary criticism? It is true that it has not ended its work. Recent changes of opinion suggest that a very extensive revision of former results will soon be necessary. But literary criticism pure and simple, and continued by itself, is insufficient, and is showing signs of degenerating with excessive subjectivity, and spending its force in inventing various sources in the composition of every book, upon the identity and extent of which hardly two critics will agree. Let literary criticism have its perfect work, but whilst it proceeds should

not some more positive movement be attempted side by side with it? Purely literary criticism cannot supply what is necessary, but the historical and psychological study of religion, profiting from all the fresh sources of information with which it has been endowed, should be able to effect this. Schleiermacher, who has not yet been recognized as the epoch-maker he was, taught the world what he had learned in his Pietist training, the true inwardness and self-sufficiency of religion as the work of the Eternal God in the heart of man. The full implications of Schleiermacher's teaching have yet to be realized. Nothing can assist the process better than the study of religion comparatively, historically, psychologically. In that may be found those eternal principles based both on the nature of God and of man, that give to religion its permanence, its authority, and its power. If the truths thus to be gained could be given to the average man in a manner he could comprehend, they would supply afresh what he has lost. But have his teachers learned these? The study of religion is as yet in its infancy. In the majority of our theological institutions, the course followed to-day differs but slightly from that of fifty years ago. There is much dogmatic theology, patristic learning, and ecclesiastical history, and the principal modification embraces only some acquaintance with literary criticism. The theory of religion as the anthropologist, the historian, and the psychologist investigate it is still in a state of neglect, and until the teachers of the average man learn, there is no hope that he can realize anything for himself. Yet it ought surely to be recognized that a proper understanding of the nature of religion is the primary foundation upon which one can hope to build up a sense of religious authority.

The study of religion, moreover,

must tend to do what no amount of literary criticism can do: restore the true spiritual authority of the Scriptures. The average man, it has been contended, no longer regards them as his forefathers did; but his love and reverence for the Bible have not been destroyed. Put upon a fresh basis, they would be renewed in far greater strength. If the study of the Old Testament, for example, is not allowed to degenerate into a mere dissection of sources and authors, and a guessing competition as to dates, but is undertaken so as to reveal the historical manifestation of the eternal principles of religion in the lives and teaching of the great religious personalities of Israel, and in the story of the people, the book will once more become a religious authority. Moreover, its authority will be more fitting and secure, for it will exist not in the arbitrary dictates of the letter, but in the spirit of religion which is more perfectly revealed in the Scriptures than anywhere else in the literature of mankind. This study would be carried out comparatively with that of other forms of religion, which in their own way witness the same truths. The religion of one nation, whether Israel, or Rome, or Greece, can no more be understood apart from that of others, than can the history of England be understood apart from that of Europe. It is not necessary that the average man should be called upon to study the subject, or that it should be presented to him technically. If his teachers will assimilate its results, they will be able to convey all that is needed in a manner he can readily grasp. In this way something at least would be done to restore the idea of a firm ground and basis in religion, and the Scriptures would assume a fresh value and significance as the most complete and trustworthy record there is of that commerce between God and

the soul of man which is the essence of religion. The study of religion will not afford static and dogmatic conclusions in the same sense that the older dogmatism claimed, nor does it yield an infallible external authority. But the present age, whilst it needs authority and definiteness in matters of belief, is in no temper to receive it in the older fashion. The trend of the times, not less than the work of the critics, has disestablished the former manner of dogmatism. But religion properly understood has its own security, and the Scriptures in the light of modern knowledge may be shown to possess an authority and value more permanent and abiding than they could ever have had in the days of the worship of the letter. The new authority is in harmony with the requirements of the time, and it is meet as well as right that it should be made known by the Church to the people.

One further suggestion may be added. Christian teaching can rely not only on the intrinsic authority of religion, but on the authority of Christ. Our formal theology has never truly recognized the difference between the teaching of Jesus and that of the rest of the New Testament. Persuaded that the New Testament contains a definite doctrinal system, which has only to be made explicit by classification and arrangement, it has treated alike the teaching of Jesus and that of every writer, known or anonymous; whose writings have been accepted into the canon. It is not necessary to derogate from the spiritual truth and wisdom of the apostles to exalt that of Christ; but there must be attached to the latter an authority that can dwell in the same degree in no other part of the New Testament. Merely to treat the teaching of Jesus as one element in the construction of a doctrinal system is seriously to injure it. What St. Paul says may be

a matter for discussion; what Christ says is, for the Christian, a matter for loyal and implicit obedience. We can view the records of the teaching of Jesus with the confidence that, in substance and form they are sufficiently near to the *ipsissima verba* of the Master. Purely literary criticism has left all the main points intact. The only question is that raised by subjective critics, who reduce the teaching of Jesus to half-a-dozen sayings whose sole guarantee is that they commend themselves to the wisdom of the selector. Since, however, the subjective critic holds a tenure usually as precarious as that of the priest of Nemi, his views frequently do not remain long enough to call for a serious refutation. Nor can the attempts to find a key-word, whether it be eschatology or anything else, which shall open the teaching of Jesus, show any greater convincing power. The teaching of Jesus remains what it has always been, not an authoritative dogmatic system, but an authoritative law of life. If the Church will more clearly set apart this teaching, it will provide the people with that certain basis for faith and action which the religious nature of the average man craves. It is true that the teaching of the New Testament generally is the best means of interpreting, and the most natural development of, the teaching of Jesus; but unless the distinction between the teaching of the Master and that of the disciples is manifested, the full majesty and authority of the teaching of Jesus is obscured. Perhaps the greatest mistake that the Church has made in the use of the New Testament is that she has dealt with it in a manner which co-ordinates the apostles with Christ, rather than subordinates them to Him. If she will put the teaching of Jesus in the first place, in its unique place, the average man will not look in vain

for an unchallengeable rule of faith.

The call of the hour is for a systematic campaign of reconstructive work, that shall enable the average man to realize that behind his practice of faith there is a sound and reliable theory. It is not a law of logic, but of something far greater, of life, that practice cannot permanently be divorced from theory. The practice of religion, if one may so speak, continues to-day, though the old theory has been shaken. But in time, unless a fresh intellectual basis is supplied, there will be the inevitable reaction upon practice. The Church has dwelt long enough with the results of criticism to be enabled to give to her children at least a general understanding of the

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new position. She can show the certainty of religion in the very nature of religion itself; she can show the true and spiritual values of the Scriptures; she can make clear the absolute authority of Jesus to the Christian. In this manner all the virtue of the old and dogmatic age should be retained, and its defects remedied. The sooner the better. When the Church makes her new proclamation, it will be received with gladness by many unsettled minds, and the end must surely be that out of the alarms and turmoil of the theological struggle of the past, will be built up more securely the foundations of the City of God upon earth.

E. S. Waterhouse.

MISS AUSTEN'S VILLAGE AND OURS.

If Miss Austen could come back to an English village to-day, live its life and go into its society, how very little change she would perceive when once she got used to the motor-cars! Better means of locomotion have, of course, enlarged the social circle of all villages, but Miss Austen's heroines had a wide acquaintance. "Sense and Sensibility" lived no doubt in the far country, Emma within an hour's drive of Box Hill and within seventeen miles of London, and Elizabeth a mile from a country town. The Bennets, we are told, "dined with twenty-four families," and Emma and her father seldom passed an evening alone. The changes in the aspect even of remoter villages by the addition of new houses had begun in Miss Austen's time. The village of Upper Cross, in Gloucestershire, where Anne Elliot used to visit her sister, "had been completely in the old English style, containing only two houses superior in appearance to those of the yeomen and laborers," we read,

but upon the marriage of the young squire "it had received the improvement of a farmhouse elevated into a cottage (*sic*) for his residence." This ornate cottage had "a veranda," "French windows," and "other prettinesses." Nowadays Miss Austen would find more such cottages, and would not, we imagine, be much surprised. In the nearer country there were already a good many—and Miss Austen stayed a good deal in the nearer country.

Social divisions were, perhaps, more marked than they are now, at any rate they were more constantly alluded to. In many ways it was a franker age. "Consequence" was a thing acknowledged in the middle class as openly as precedence in the upper. Our readers will remember that Emma declared she had no fear of being an old maid, because, married or single, she could still have "consequence." Consequence is still silently recognized, and can exist without any "distinction." It has something to do with character and

something to do with caste, something also perhaps with fastidiousness. It produces, as it has always produced, invisible barriers. The farmers still associate little or not at all with people of "consequence," and though nowadays we should not think much of a young lady who spoke as Emma did of "a complete gross vulgar farmer," the *status quo* is much as it was. All the divisions of the middle class intermingle, however, to a certain extent; so they did in Miss Austen's time. Money counts for a great deal now; so it did then, in some ways far more than at present. No doubt money would not get people into the very highest society then as it would now. The newly rich had a lower goal. Miss Austen depicted their successful struggle. She knew little about rank and fashion, and the great and fashionable are painted in her books with extraordinary satire, though Darcy fascinated finally his literary creator. She liked the people of the upper middle class the best—the people of "consequence" and "elegance," but she laughed at them when they tried to be exclusive and never crowned their efforts with success. One profession has completely altered its social standing—the doctor's. Mr. Perry, Mr. Woodhouse's "apothecary," was perforce acquainted with the whole society of the place, but he and Mrs. Perry did not move in it, though Isabella Knightley always called on Mrs. Perry when she came to stay at Hartfield, just to "show her the children." Mrs. Goddard, the mistress of an "old-fashioned boarding-school," represented the extreme limit of Highbury society. She did, indeed, visit at Hartfield, but she was expected when she came to make herself useful, to play backgammon with Mr. Woodhouse, and generally to lay herself out to amuse and convenience her hosts, in return for which she was always sent home in their carriage.

Land was not the sole test of position even in Miss Austen's time. The Woodhouses, though the acknowledged leaders of Highbury society, were not landowners. The Knightleys of Donwell Abbey owned the parish, and Hartfield was "a mere notch" cut out of the Donwell estate. Emma's charms must have made her conspicuous in any society, but it is a little difficult to see why all Highbury looked up to her quite as they did. She was known to have thirty thousand pounds, and money did not count for nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Coles, for instance, rose into a position in which it was possible for them to invite the Knightleys and Woodhouses by reason of an access of fortune. The Coleses were "only moderately genteel," but when their income increased they added to their house, and "their love of society and their new dining-room prepared everybody for their keeping dinner company." Emma Woodhouse did not wish to go. She had thought they would not presume to invite "the regular and best families," but finding she could not dissuade the sensible Mr. Knightley and the genial Mr. Weston from accepting their invitations, and softened by an intimation that Mrs. Coles had bought a folding screen in London to keep Mr. Woodhouse from the draught, she determined to accept. The dinner turned out much like other country dinners; "a few clever things were said, a few downright silly ones, but by much the larger proportion neither the one nor the other; nothing wiser than everyday remarks, dull repetitions, old news, and heavy jokes." We wonder if the persons of consequence or the others said the clever things. We all know that in Miss Austen's time gentlemen drank heavily, but in her books gentlemen no more got drunk than they do now. Mr. Elton, it is true, had too much wine upon one occasion, apparently in order to gain courage to pro-

pose to the redoubtable Emma, who thought him not altogether "elegant," though his manners were passable. Even he, however, did not get drunk, but took only enough "to elevate his spirits, but not to confuse his intellects." Is there such a thing as "elegance" now? Of course there is. It is valued as much as it was ever valued. But we have given up social definitions. Distinctions are tacit nowadays. But to return to Miss Austen's social scale. The Coleases were by no means the only family who owed their introduction to the world of the elegant to their money. The Lucases were likewise *nouveaux riches*. Sir Charles Lucas was a retired tradesman and ex-Mayor of Merryton, who got his title for presenting an address to the King. He had long given up his business when "Pride and Prejudice" begins, and had come to live a mile from the town, at Lucas Lodge, "where he could think with pleasure of his own importance, and, unchecked by the demands of business, occupy himself solely in being civil to all the world. This type of rich man is even now more common than that of Gorgius Midas. His capable and sensible daughter, our readers will remember, married Mr. Collins, and was thus thrown into the society of Lady Catherine de Burgh. Both father and daughter show their want of good breeding by their delighted acceptance of that hateful woman's patronage. No one, we think, would put up with Lady Catherine now but Elizabeth did not put up with her then, and the picture, if overdrawn, is a caricature and not an invention. Lady Catherine de Burgh took no notice of "consequence" and "elegance." She regarded the world below her own as all alike—all "middles" together. Mr. Collins and Emma were alike underbred in her eyes. Are there none such now? There were ways in which money meant more than it does now. Mr. Knightley points out that poor Miss

Bates has "sunk" and must "sink still further" by reason of her poverty. No one, we think, is nowadays regarded as having "sunk" in the place of her birth, where her former "consequence" was known to all the world, because she has lost money. On the contrary, poverty, if it goes far enough, is sometimes regarded as a distinction.

The church played a less part in village life in the time of Miss Austen than it plays now. Herself the daughter of a clergyman, she had a very good will to the clergy, but she did not expect them to work hard. Nevertheless it is easy to underrate what they did for their parishes. The charming Mr. Tilney, for instance, thought he had done his duty very handsomely if he spent three days a week in his parish. On the other hand, we are always being told by old-fashioned people that a really good squire can make or mar the whole life of a village. Miss Austen's clergymen—the good ones among them—worked quite as hard for the parish as any squire. Parish meetings and magisterial meetings are constantly spoken of, and we cannot suppose such good people had no thought for the poor. It is against human nature for a kind-hearted man to take no interest in his poorer neighbors. They did not do as much for their parishes as the best clergy do now. They did not try to foster the religious life of the place or make any very radical efforts of reform. But even now, speaking generally, the best clergy, the men who lead lives of saintly devotion and strenuous work, are not to be found in large numbers outside the towns. Let any candid churchman who lives more than twenty miles out of London in a rural district look round at the parsons about him. Would he not exchange most of them for the "right-minded" and kind-hearted Edmund, for Mr. Tilney with his sense and accomplishments, or for

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Catherine Morland's just, gentlemanly, and unresentful father.

But the thought of the church leads us to the real social difference which exists between our time and Miss Austen's. Our attitude towards the poor has changed. It is not that Miss Austen's gentry were heartless—they were not. It was not that they were indifferent, for they do not appear to have been. It is simply that they were content with things as they found them. We are told that when Anne Elliot's father quitted his estate Anne visited every cottage upon it to wish the inhabitants good-bye. Presumably they were all her friends. Emma paid charitable visits to the sick, and upon one occasion, we are told, made a great effort to keep in mind the "misery" she had witnessed. Being convinced that she would not be able to do so, she consoled herself with the following reflection: "If we feel for the wretched

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enough to do all that we can for them, the rest is empty sympathy only distressing to ourselves." The point of view is not typical of this generation. How can we forget? we ask—not how can we remember? "All that we can" is a phrase, and disturbs us. What does it mean? Miss Austen never wondered. Yet Emma was no thoughtless Lady Bountiful. "She was very compassionate"; "she understood their ways" (the ways of the poor); she had "no romantic expectations of extraordinary virtue from those for whom education had done so little"; and "she always gave her assistance with as much intelligence as goodwill." The C.O.S. would have had little to teach her. But times have changed after all. Miss Austen's world played the social game with real zest. The same game is still played and is still amusing, but the players are preoccupied.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE."

To the Editors of *The Fortnightly Review*:

Gentlemen, January 10, 1913.

My attention has been invited to some statements as to the origin of the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor, which directly concern myself, in the December 28, 1912, No. 3573, issue of *The Living Age*, page 776, forming part of an article by Percy F. Martin on the subject of the Monroe Doctrine, reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*.

The portion of the article which concerns myself personally is so absolutely

The erroneous statement.

"In the month of July last year (1911), however, the ship was laid bare, and General Bixby, an official of the United States, who was in charge of the work of raising the vessel, de-

wrong, and so absolutely unfair to both myself and to the United States, that I feel obliged to call upon you as responsible for its promulgation throughout the world to promulgate in equally effective manner my absolute denial of the erroneous statements ascribed to me.

Perhaps I can explain my position best by stating in parallel columns, first, the lines to which I take exception, and second, a correct statement of the situation described. The erroneous statement and its correction are as follows:

The actual facts.

In the month of July last year (1911) the ship was laid bare, and General Bixby, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, who was in charge of the work of raising the ves-

clared that the explosion took place in the interior of the ship, and not from any outside agency whatever, adding that 'a terrible mistake has been occasioned.' Terrible, indeed, but a mistake which has never been admitted officially nor in any way atoned for.

"There is much existing evidence to substantiate General Bixby's theory."

While there have been many theories in the past regarding the cause of the destruction of the *Maine* known to me personally, I never attempted to adopt any one of them as my own, or to substitute any other therefor. As the work of unwatering progressed there was finally brought to light during the latter part of 1911 one plate of the ship's bottom whose condition, including location and surroundings, was such as could not be explained satisfactorily except by the assumption of an exterior explosion of a charge of some low-grade explosive prior to the explosion of the magazines and from which the magazine explosion resulted; and a verdict to that effect was rendered to the President of the United States by a mixed Board of Navy and Army officers, after viewing the fully exposed vessel's bottom. I never made the statement, "a terrible mistake has been occasioned," and I never heard it as-

sel, declared that the vessel at that time had only been laid bare far enough to show the terrible wreckage resulting from the explosion of the ship's magazines, that the unwatering of the wreck up to that date failed to show any evidence whatever as to what started the explosion of the magazines, and that the terrible wreckage due to the magazine explosion was so much greater than anyone had imagined before the unwatering, that it was exceedingly doubtful whether any part of the vessel found by further unwatering would be able to give any definite evidence of the original cause of the explosion. General Bixby endeavored at that time to explain to all interested parties that his work was merely to unwater the vessel and expose its remaining fragments to view as fully as possible and with as little damage or derangement as possible until it should have been inspected by other authorities; in other words, that his duty was merely to establish physical facts, without reference to any theory whatever regarding the cause of the explosion.

cribed to me until I saw it in *The Living Age*.

Very respectfully,

W. H. Bixby,
Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army.

January 28, 1913.

General W. H. Bixby,
Office of the Chief of Engineers,
U. S. Army, War Department,
Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

Dear Sir,

Your letter dated the 10th inst., addressed to me care of *The Fortnightly Review*, has been forwarded to me here, and I have read your remarks concerning that part of my article upon the Monroe Doctrine (which appeared in that publication of November last, and which was reproduced in the December number of *The Living Age*, No. 3573,) to which you take exception.

The version which you give me regarding the report made by you to the

United States Government is certainly at variance with that published in the London papers on the 7th of July, 1911. I will refer you for further details of this report to the London *Daily Mail* of that date, wherein you will see that, according to a Reuter telegram from Washington, it is stated:—

"General Bixby, who is in charge of the work of raising her (the U. S. battleship *Maine*) declares that an explosion of her three magazines sank the *Maine*, and that the effects of the explosion could not have been produced from without. There are numerous indications in the hull which prove that the explosion took place in the interior of the ship. What caused the explosion, he concludes, will never be known. Thus he pronounces decisively against any possibility of a Spanish mine having been employed. It follows that the United States made war on Spain without just cause. The war originated in a *terrible mistake* which arose from a pure accident."

You mention in the second paragraph of your letter that these statements (which I reproduced in my article in *The Fortnightly Review*) are "absolutely wrong, and absolutely unfair to myself and to the United States."

While unreservedly accepting from so distinguished an authority the denial of their accuracy, it seems at least remarkable that it is only now, nearly two years after the original statements were made, that you should, upon their reproduction, take exception to them.

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For your information I may say that the references used by me in my article were paraphrased from a telegram which appeared in a great many of the British daily newspapers of the 7th of July, 1911, and I have the cutting from one of these journals (*the Daily Mail*) from which, as stated, the quotation employed by me is drawn.

You will perceive that, in giving publicity, in my article in *The Fortnightly Review*, to the statements which you now object to, I have, to use your own expression, "promulgated" no new theory, nor have I attributed to you the employment of a single word which had not already been published in journals of world-wide circulation; the telegram having appeared in the British Press, it is hardly to be supposed that its purport remained unknown in the United States.

I can add nothing to what I have already said with regard to the soundness of the authority upon which I based my statements; but I am sending a copy of this correspondence to the Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, who will exercise his discretion in referring to the matter in some future issue of that publication. As a mere contributor, you will, of course, appreciate that I possess no power to insert any explanatory statement upon my own authority.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Percy F. Martin.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I felt it difficult to approach the subject, for I thought they had been lovers; but she spoke without constraint.

"It's so funny to know that he is dead," she said; "it's not a month since I saw him last, and he was so well then."

She looked at me straight with her brown, sunlit eyes; there was a strange dauntlessness about her that baffled me.

"And now when I shut my eyes, I see his face so clearly, so alive, that I can't believe that it doesn't exist any

longer, anywhere. I wonder if it is always like that when people die—even the changing expressions of his mouth, that look of being half-amused, half-puzzled—you know it?"

I nodded, for I had known him well in the casual, superficial way one knows so many people.

"And when I don't shut them too," she added quietly.

She was sitting on the oak chest beside the window, her hands in her lap. Outside there was sun; it shone across her hair and slant-wise over the room. She has always seemed to me a strangely golden person. There was a long pause. I did not feel enough at ease with her to speak freely even now.

She leaned one elbow on the window-sill, and looked out into the garden; Louise was there watering her rosebed, and a bumble-bee buzzed sleepily against the glass.

"You know," she said, turning to me again, "what seems so odd is that one didn't know it was the last time—and we had been talking about death only the day before. It was at Cawthorpe, just three weeks ago—twenty-five days ago that is, now. We went down into the big wheat field after dinner to see the end of the harvest, and we talked about harvests being always the same for such hundreds of years, and people living and dying—you know the sort of thing?" She smiled slightly and glanced up.

"Life with a big L," I suggested, and then was ashamed of my apparent levity.

She nodded quietly.

"Yes," she said, "that's it."

"And he was afraid of death," she added slowly, "because it was so strange and unknown. And he said that what made it easy to face things was the exuberance of life in one—the feeling that one would always jump up again and go on, and in death one wouldn't have that. He was standing

by the little gate into the upper field—that little broken gate, and when he had said it, he laughed, and in front of us, over the house, there was still sunset, just the end of it, and behind the night was beginning, one could see the stars very faint; I noticed them, I remember, as I turned to answer him. And then he went up through the plantation and across the terrace, you know the way, into the wood. And under the trees it was almost dark; and we walked along the path at the edge above the paddock. A bramble caught his sleeve and tore it, a funny triangular hole; and there were little toads, lots of them, hopping across the grass; and we stopped and looked back to where we had been, to the wheat field and over the pond. And rooks rose up from Far Wood, cawing, and they flew towards us in a great crowd, circling about in the sky that was nearly dark; and they came nearer and nearer till they were almost overhead, and then they swerved off to the left towards East Wood and the End Farm, and we watched them sink down among the trees, and the cawing died away bit by bit, with little last remaining notes. And we both felt sad, suddenly, you know that queer way the cawing of rooks does make one sad, especially in the evening.

"I remember it all so distinctly. It is rather funny, don't you think? because it never occurred to me that I should not see him again."

Again there was silence.

I called to mind one day when I had met them walking together down an empty street, and how strong and young they both looked; so tall and such bright eyes. It had been a pleasure to see them on that foggy day. I could not bear to know that picture destroyed.

"Are you very happy?" I asked abruptly. The question shocked me by its brutality, but it was asked before I

had time to check it. I had a strange desire to know what she really felt, and her own frankness evoked mine.

"I think I am glad for him," she answered slowly, "because he won't grow old. It was all at its best, just at its best. He can't get disillusioned now, and I am glad for that."

"And for yourself?"

She glanced at me half sideways.

"I think it is a good thing to know someone who is dead," she said. "One doesn't know a bit what it is like before."

I looked at her incredulously.

"And that makes up?" I asked.

She shrugged slightly, and turned away.

"I don't suppose I quite realize it yet," she added, as though afraid I might misinterpret the gesture.

I agreed with her, and remarked sympathetically that it was well for her she did not.

Again she glanced at me.

"Perhaps," she said, "and by the time I do realize it I shan't mind."

Was she cynical or merely callous? I could not tell. I despaired of trying to understand the rising generation.

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"You don't really mean that," I said gently.

She shook her head.

"I shan't care about him for very long, not as I do now. Next summer I shall walk in the cornfields with someone else, probably, and we shall see the sunset and the rooks, and say the same things—that's the advantage of being young—why should I pretend I don't know? But that doesn't make it any better now! You don't understand that, I suppose? Nothing makes it any better now. What is the good of knowledge or experience or anything? I don't see. I can't see."

Abruptly she stood up and turned from me.

"It seems a waste, somehow," she said in a strange, breaking voice, leaning one hand against the wall.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" and with a sudden sob, she had opened the door and was gone. I watched her cross the lawn and disappear between the rows of sweet peas. I felt very sorry for her, yet more than ever convinced that there is something unnatural and unsatisfactory in the young people of today. I reflected, too, with some sadness, that she would not have made him a good wife after all.

Rosalind Murray.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

The United States Ambassador in Mexico City is reported to have sent a reassuring message to Washington about the situation in Mexico. He is said to have stated his disbelief in the story that the existing Government planned the murder of ex-President Madero and the ex-Vice-President Señor Suarez, and to have declared that the Government is acting with "firmness" and "prudence." We sincerely hope that he is not mistaken in any respect, but we fear that he states

what he ardently desires to believe. We are bound to say that the details of Madero's death, so far as they are known, and the threats of new risings in the Northern provinces are enough to justify anyone in taking the gloomiest view of the future of Mexico. Chaos and the sway of the assassin in Mexico, we must remember, mean intense anxiety and the most formidable political and military difficulties in the United States. By pressing the Monroe Doctrine, as undoubtedly she does press

it, the United States renders herself responsible for order in Mexico. Other Powers may wish to intervene in Mexico to protect the lives and property of their nationals, but the Monroe Doctrine in effect forbids them to do so. But is the United States able herself to do what she forbids others to do? Has she assumed the honorable position of trustee without any means of performing the work of the trust? We shall return to this perplexing and very important matter presently; it is really the heart of the business from the point of view of Europe. But first let us look at the actual state of things in Mexico.

General Huerta, who became Provisional President upon the downfall of Madero, appears to be working amicably enough with General Diaz, who led the rebel forces. General Diaz talks as though he were indifferent as to who is President so long as it is not anyone of the name of Madero. His rebellion was as much as anything else an act of private vengeance against the man who supplanted the famous President, Porfirio Diaz; it was a kind of vendetta carried on by a nephew on behalf of his uncle. Later on, when the provisional presidency comes to an end, General Diaz will probably himself become a candidate for the Presidency. Meanwhile he seems to be aiding General Huerta in a policy of exterminating the Madero faction. Madero's relations and followers command wealth and influence, and therefore their existence cannot be tolerated—that appears to be the short and simple plan for establishing the present Government. The official story of the death of Madero and Suarez hardly bears examination. It is said that when they were being removed from the Palace to the penitentiary a party of sympathizers attempted their rescue, and that in the fighting they were both killed. It is a very strange fact that no one else

was killed—except two luckless *rurales*, whose lives may have been sacrificed to lend color to the story of a skirmish—and no one else even wounded. Attempts at rescue may be very badly managed in Mexico, but, frankly, we do not believe in an attempt which ends in the death of the very two persons whose lives it was proposed to save. We conclude that the new Government did not want the trouble of going through the formality of a trial which must necessarily end in only one way—in the execution of Madero. Madero had to be removed—so they argued—if his personality was not to remain a rallying point and a centre of intrigue. But it would have been difficult to execute Madero with protests coming all the time from the United States. At the first suggestion of danger to Madero a strong plea for humane treatment came from Washington. The “attempted rescue,” however, cut all the difficulties. It is probably impossible to prove that Madero was “removed” according to a carefully arranged plan, yet in effect the new Government of Mexico have done what, if we remember rightly, Mahmud the Terrible did when the soldiers demanded that he should give up his son to them. Cutting off his son's head, Mahmud hurled it out of the tent to the petitioners and told them that their request was granted. The answer to the American remonstrance is symbolical of all the difficulties of the United States in dealing with Mexico.

The popular acclamation of General Huerta and General Diaz in Mexico City means just about as much as the acclamation of Madero when he had overthrown Porfirio Diaz. When Porfirio Diaz fell, the people believed that they were weary of a personal tyranny and that they wanted the Constitutionalism provided for by the law but never granted. Now they believe that they are tired of the idealism and ineffective

constitutionalism of Madero and want Diazism back again. How can one expect peace and quiet to come out of such restlessness? Porfirio Diaz no doubt was a tyrant, but he was a successful tyrant, and he made his country what it is. But it is given to only one ruler in a million to be a successful tyrant. One cannot help fearing that Mexico, in reverting to the pre-Diaz conditions, will unwittingly revive the confused and tragic days which followed the emancipation from Spain. Between 1821 and 1876 there were fifty-two Presidents, the unhappy Emperor Maximilian, and a Regent—"all murdered," as Shakespeare's Richard II. says of his fellow-monarchs, or at least nearly all. Personal ambition has always been strong among the Mexicans, and now there must be a lot of unemployed wealth in the country which can be used for the advancement of personal causes. Nor is ambition the only factor. Discontent is rampant in the provinces, and a leader of rebellion need never wait for a following. We expect to hear before very long that the rebel bands of the north are moving towards the capital. But even if the northern rebellion should not be of a very formidable kind, it may nevertheless be serious enough to require suppression, and that would very likely mean a long continuance of bloody and indecisive fighting—a condition of things which the United States has already declared to be intolerable. And here we come to the crux of the matter—the probable necessity of intervention by the United States.

We do not wonder that Americans shrink from the thought of a Mexican campaign, and yet they must admit that it is impossible to defend the logic of the Monroe Doctrine unless they are prepared to make it good in such a case as this. Logically they should either guarantee the effectual protection of life and property throughout the West-

ern world or they should modify the Monroe Doctrine so as to admit the co-operation of other Powers who may be interested in the affairs of Central and South America. A glance at the map is enough to suggest the terrors of a Mexican campaign. The tortuous length of the Rio Grande with its unpopulated regions is a vast frontier to guard. Properly to guard it, and to keep the communications of an army open, an enormous force would be required. The Mexicans are practised raiders, and could do immense injury by scattered counter-strokes against the frontier towns in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Then the advance of an American expeditionary force from the Rio Grande through the mountainous country to Mexico City would be a gigantic undertaking. Transport would be a problem quite beyond the immediate resources of the American Commissariat Department, and ambuscades would await the invaders at every turn. Of course, from Vera Cruz the route to the capital is very much shorter, but then there would be the additional burden of keeping up a transport service by sea either from Galveston or New Orleans. The American Navy would be of little use in such a war. The United States has not got an army, or anything like an army, ready for the campaign. When troops were marshalled on the frontier at the time of the fall of President Diaz, not much more than twenty thousand could be raised for expeditionary purposes. Remember that the United States cannot spare more than a certain proportion of her army for a Mexican campaign. Besides the guarding of the frontier, there are the Atlantic and Pacific coastal defences to be manned, and the Philippines and the other possessions require their garrisons. These would have to be strengthened rather than reduced, as war with Mexico would expose the United States to the

risk of complications with other Powers. Recent experience of the barbarous behavior of the Mexican rulers inspires every American, as the correspondent of the *Morning Post* says, with the dread that armed intervention would be the signal for the murder of Americans in Mexico. No doubt in the end if Americans set their teeth they would accomplish whatever they intended to do. A vigorous population of nearly ninety millions can do almost anything if it has time. But much time, perhaps years, would be required. Our own difficulties in the South African war might turn out to be light in comparison with the difficulties of a Mexican campaign. The American power of building up an army out of nothing, which appeared in the Civil War, might have to be evoked again. From the moment the United States declared war the internal dissensions of the Mexicans would disappear. *Divide et impera* is no longer the "cunning maxim" that Bacon called it when it is applied to Mexico, because the Mexicans refuse to be divided in the face of a common danger. Maximilian tried to divide them and failed. Their

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hatred of the foreigner, and particularly of the presuming American foreigner, surmounts every other consideration.

Unless the United States should have good luck in the near future the Monroe Doctrine will be brought to the test. We sincerely hope that this may not happen, for the Monroe Doctrine is, in our judgment, an extraordinarily useful instrument for maintaining the peace of the world. By asserting the inviolability of the New World it rules out nearly half the globe from the wrangles of Europe. We should infinitely prefer that the weakness on which it rests should never be discovered, or at least never be challenged. But we cannot help feeling that circumstances will sooner or later be too strong for the rulers of the United States, and that they will be compelled to answer the great dilemma of their foreign policy. Either they must admit the possibility of co-operation with other Powers in Central and South America, or they must support their authority by the vast armaments which alone would correspond to their undertakings.

THE TORTURE.

["And the hooved heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root."
—"Atalanta in Calydon."]

Is there At6 for the drunkard?

Is there sorrow for the fool?

Is it dreadful to be bunkered?

Is there pain when love grows cool?

Ah, but hope more surely withers,

Pleasure dies and joys are o'er

When I've failed to tell old Smithers

(Best of chaps, but how he blithers!)

That I've heard the little story that he wants to tell before.

Mere politeness starts the error;

He dislikes to think it stale;

Ah, but the unholy terror
On my lying lips and pale
As he turns on me his glances!
How I tremble in my joints
As the anecdote advances,
As I fail to seize the chances
Of the proper mode of laughter for the prefatory points!

Will he tell it as my father
Told it me when I was young?
Will he use the version rather
That the poet Chaucer sung?
Thoughts like these begin to harrow
As he quarries that antique
Shaft of humor like an arrow
From an early English barrow
While the perspiration oozes and comes trickling down
cheek.

Yea, and what if some suspicion
Cross his mind before the end?
What if by some thought-transmission
He should find me out? O friend,
You who read the subtle novels
Of the school of Henry James,
You can guess the limp that grovels
Darkly in my cranial hovels
As the jest winds slowly seawards to the full-mouthed roar
it claims.

Ay, and if the end completed
All the anguish, all the pain;
If those moments tense and heated
Passed, and I might breathe again;
No, for sometimes mid the thunder
Of my mirth the man recalls
How he split his sides asunder
Whilst I sat in wan-cheeked wonder
When we heard that joke last Christmas cracked upon the
music halls.

Prose.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

All sorts of games, tricks and indoor pastimes, furnishing diversion for people young and old, are contained in William E. Chenery's "Home Entertaining" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.). The problem of making a pleasant evening for a group of friends may be greatly simplified by following Mr. Chenery's directions. He has practically tested all of the expedients which he describes and has originated some of the best of them. The book would be worth while if only to dispel the illusion that there is nothing but whist to dispel dulness for a group of friends; and the range of its suggestions is so wide that it will promote evening diversions for young and old alike.

Under the title "A Free Lance" and from the press of Sherman French & Co., Mr. Frederic Rowland Marvin has collected several complete essays and a considerable number of bits of essays, detached paragraphs and brief jottings, not published in any of his previous volumes, but important enough, in his judgment, to justify their publication in this fragmentary form. A judicious winnowing of this mass of unrelated material would have materially improved the book; but the patient reader who does his own winnowing will find in the residuum some suggestive and interesting comments upon literary, political and social questions.

"When Dreams come True," a novel of Mexico with an Indian heroine and a mystic ending by Ritter Brown, is published by Desmond Fitzgerald and illustrated by W. M. Berger with much dash and power. The plot hurries along at a breathless speed from start to finish; and the intermingling of Spaniards, Indians, and

Americans enhances the interest. Pistols, stilettoes, and intrigues make a constant accompaniment of excitement, and the villain is more sympathetically dealt with than is usual. The whole is frank melodrama, but of the better class, and the author shows great familiarity with his atmosphere. In the end all the appropriate people die and the right persons are married.

The "Social Religion" which Dr. Scott Nearing preaches, in the volume to which he gives that title, is further defined in the sub-title as "an interpretation of Christianity in terms of modern life." This sub-title aptly describes it, for it is an assembling of facts and reasonings which enforce the duty of applied Christianity,—that is, a Christianity applied to the improvement of industrial conditions and the relief of the unfortunate. Written with energy and with warm sympathy, it makes a strong appeal to any open-minded reader, and should serve to arouse the indifferent or the uninformed to the crying needs of modern society. The Macmillan Co.

Every one who remembers William Carleton's "One Way Out,"—and that must include pretty nearly every one who ever read it—will be eager to read his latest book "New Lives for Old" (Small, Maynard & Co.), in which there is the same clever realism, the same ingenuity and practical ability, but directed this time to coping with and solving the problems of country instead of city life. It may be partly fiction, but it reads more like straight biography and actual experience. There is, at all events, nothing in it which seems incredible, yet it tells a striking story of the transformation of a rural community by practical

good sense and business ability. Ruth, the wife, who figured so largely in the earlier story of life among the immigrants in a great city, figures also in this and shares her husband's experiments and triumphs. Regarded either as real experience or as fiction or as a blend of both, the narrative is intensely interesting and cheerfully suggestive.

Professor George E. Dawson's "The Right of the Child to be Well Born" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is of an importance quite out of proportion to its modest size. It brings a serious indictment of modern American life in that, while it manifests an increasing scientific and philanthropic interest in children, it is marked by a decaying parental interest. While men and women are vying with each other in studying children, working with them, and writing and speaking in their behalf the number of men and women who are becoming parents of children is steadily decreasing. Professor Dawson gives appalling statistics which sustain this conclusion, and remarks with perfect truthfulness:

"The woman with the lines of maternity in face and form has well-nigh disappeared, except in rural communities and in those parts of our cities where the foreign population still keep alive the interests and customs of naïve motherhood. Everywhere on the thronging thoroughfares of city life, about depots and on railroad and steamship lines we see, not Madonnas but Gibson girls, actresses and all sorts of nondescript social corsairs, rushing hither and thither, in modish dress that not infrequently symbolizes the sacrifice of that physical development and health, and those intellectual and moral qualities which make women efficient mothers of a race of men."

The appeal which Professor Dawson makes for a different order of things and for an attention to the interests

of children which shall begin, not with their education or food or conditions of labor, but with pre-natal conditions, is well-considered and broadly based; and his little book, which may be read through in an hour, deserves thoughtful consideration and will do good in proportion as its suggestions are heeded. It is direct and untechnical in style.

"The Biography of Arthur T. Pierson," by his son, Delavan Leonard Pierson (Fleming H. Revell Co.), is the story of a life of singular simplicity, unquestioning faith and world-wide influence. The subject of the memoir is described in the sub-title as a spiritual warrior, mighty in the Scriptures and a leader in the modern missionary crusade. He was all this and more: he was a man of combined gentleness and firmness, a preacher of unusual power and of unfaltering devotion, who lived a life of intimate communion with God and had the habit, unusual in these days, of submitting all his acts and decisions to what he believed to be the Divine will. As pastor of large churches in Detroit, Indianapolis and Philadelphia, as an associate of Mr. Moody in this country and of Mr. Spurgeon in England, as the inspirer and leader in missionary conferences and one of the organizers of the great Student Volunteer movement and as editor of an influential missionary magazine, his influence was widely felt; but it is not so much any of these activities, important though they were, as it is the man himself, benignant, earnest and spiritually-minded, that makes the deepest impression upon the reader. The biography is none the worse for the note of deep personal affection, natural in the son of such a father, which pervades it. There are portraits and other illustrations,—not the least interesting of which is a reproduction of two pages

from one of Dr. Pierson's annotated Bibles which demonstrates the scope and thoroughness of his Biblical studies.

On his way home from a six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden at three o'clock in the morning an extremely wealthy young man sees a gown hanging in the window of a cleaner's shop near his rooms. It is a fascinating gown, or at least he finds it so, simple, "sweet, rather than smart," lacy and blue, fairly smiling the idea of the sort of girl it must belong to. Back to his rooms goes Billy, and considers. His life does not suit him. He is too jaded and tired and sophisticated. The blue little dress is none of these uncomfortable things. While he considers, "The Maiden Manifest" herself appears—or he thinks she does. And he has thereafter a definite image of her to carry about in his search. He likes to stop and talk to himself before the cleaner's window; unfortunately he plays too long with the mere thought of the dream lady, and one day the dress is removed and he himself is suddenly hurried off to the bedside of a sick brother. Then come some two hundred and fifty pages of search, adventure and agonizing, culminating in a beautifully stirring scene, when Billy, having just found the girl, decides to get a license, be married, drive eleven miles and "catch the midnight" between the hours of ten and twelve. On a Mississippi plantation the problem is complicated, but with the telephone he does it. The reader who has accompanied him thus far will rejoice in a fitting finale. Della Campbell MacLeod has an entertaining manner. Little, Brown & Co.

Rev. James Balkie presents in a popular but authoritative form a summary of what recent excavations have brought to light in Crete. The book is

"The Sea Kings of Crete," and is published in London by Adam and Charles Black, and in this country by the Macmillan Company. In the opening chapter brief attention is given to the well-known work of Schliemann in first breaking ground in Crete. This chapter also outlines the familiar classical story of Crete, inasmuch as the discoveries there point to a belief that the story of Theseus and the Minotaur has an historical rather than a legendary origin. The account of the excavations and discoveries is more thrilling than romance. As the author describes the palace of "Broad Knossos," (now considered the original Labyrinth) its paintings, reliefs and wonderful systems of drainage, he succeeds, to use his own words in another connection, "in bringing home to us the actual humanity of the people who used to be paragraphs in Lempriere's 'Classical Dictionary,' or Rollins' 'Ancient History,'" Cretan civilization is proven to have been parallel in its development with that of the Egyptians, and, in its height, not inferior. Indeed the origin of the alphabet is attributed no longer to the Phœnicians, but to the Cretans, and it is said that the people of this island discovered purple dyes, long before the Tyrian traders dealt in this commodity. The book follows the rise and decline of the Minoan dynasties until the Dorian invasion, and affirms that the life described by Homer in his poems is contemporaneous with the end of the highest stage of Minoan civilization. In thus giving the general reader access to the results of these discoveries which have revolutionized many ideas about classical antiquity, and in keeping the book as clear as possible from technicalities the author has performed a genuine and lasting service. The book has thirty-two full-page illustrations from photographs.

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